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# *Notice to Readers*

THE problems confronting Americans in this Presidential campaign so far transcend the ordinary political issues that The Nation Associates has called a special pre-election conference to be held at the Hotel Astor in New York on Saturday and Sunday, October 7 and 8. To this meeting are invited, first of all, members of The Nation Associates in the Eastern area, and as many from other parts of the country as can attend; second, delegations from civic organizations and liberal political groups; third, guests representing valuable points of view and areas of activity.

The conference will discuss the major issues under the broad title of "America's Opportunity to Create and Maintain Lasting Peace." In more specific terms, it will take up questions of foreign policy and world organization; economic security; social welfare—including housing, social security, and health insurance; equality of right and opportunity and the protection of democracy; education for the responsibilities of citizenship.

The full program of the meetings will be printed in next week's issue, but among the speeches and speakers so far arranged for are the following: Education for Citizenship, Archibald MacLeish; America's Foreign Policy and its Relation to World Peace, Reinhold Niebuhr; World Organization and Permanent Peace, Manley O. Hudson; Foreign Policy and World Organization, Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam; How Full Employment May Be Secured, Alvin Hansen; The Role of Small Business in Providing Employment, David Podell; Fiscal Policy and Employment, Beardsley Ruml; Protection of Labor, Philip Murray; The Negro Question, Charles H. Houston; Subversive Movements, Frank Kingdon; Anti-Semitism as a Fascist Weapon, Norman M. Littell; Government Responsibility for Housing, Charles Abrams; Health Insurance, Michael M. Davis. Various editors of *The Nation* will also take part in the discussions.

This preliminary announcement will serve to remind members of The Nation Associates and representatives of interested organizations to send us notice of their intention to attend the conference so that we can accredit them as delegates. A limited number of guest tickets are available to Associates. We count most confidently on the full participation of our membership; it is their conference, the first major activity of The Nation Associates.

FREDA KIRCHWEY

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# *The Shape of Things*

THE QUEBEC CONFERENCE CLOSED ON mighty events. American troops of General Hodges's First Army after punching a ten-mile-wide hole in the Westwall were driving toward the Rhine. In England General Brereton's Allied airborne army was poised for its spectacular assault on the Netherlands. On the eastern front, Red Army forces poured steel into flaming Warsaw while to the south another Russian army fought its way through Transylvania toward the Hungarian border. In Italy, the Eighth Allied Army was engaged in heavy fighting in many sectors of the Gothic Line. Rumania had just concluded peace terms with the Allies. Finland was reported to be on the verge of a declaration of war agianst Germany. In London, the lights went on to end a five-year darkness. Clearly, the war in Europe was "now approaching its final stages" and President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill could plan with some confidence "the destruction of the barbarians of the Pacific." The vast distances in the Pacific theater pose logistical and tactical problems of enormous magnitude. How some of these problems are being met was demonstrated by the simultaneous assaults launched by General MacArthur and Admiral Nimitz, from the south and the east, against Morotai and the Palau group, island bases near the Philippines. But beyond the intensification of the amphibious strategy so brilliantly carried out to date there is the problem of destroying the well-trained Japanese army of two millions, whose chief blows have so far been felt in China. This suggests a number of reasons why Moscow may next be consulted.

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CHINA'S LONG-RANGE MILITARY PROSPECTS have brightened considerably as the result of the capture of the ancient walled city of Tengchung on the Yunnan front. This success has permitted the Chinese advancing from the east to make contact for the first time with General Stilwell's troops driving through Burma from India. While the Japanese still block the old Burma Road at Lungling, there seems to be an excellent chance that a connection can be established with the new Ledo Road in the interval between monsoon seasons. To the east, however, in the Kwangsi sector, the Chinese face a critical situation. The Japanese advancing south from Hengyang have the important American air bases at Kweilin and Liuchow almost within their grasp. There they may be joined by other columns driving up from Canton, thus completing their goal of cutting China in two. Fortunately, an enemy success in this sector does not carry the threat that it did a few months ago. The stubborn Chinese defense at Hengyang eliminated any possibility that the Japanese might be able to establish direct north-south railway communications this year in time to meet Admiral Nimitz's forces driving in from the Pacific.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN ITALY HAS been given the look of an unassembled jigsaw puzzle by American correspondents in Rome; it acquires form and meaning in the remarkable article by Pietro Nenni appearing in this issue of *The Nation*. As chief spokesman for the Socialists in Italy, Nenni has become one of the most important leaders of the democratic coalition. According to a New York *Times* dispatch from Herbert L. Matthews on September 13, Nenni has announced that the Socialist Party will be willing to take power after Milan is freed. Whether that happens or not, it seems certain that with the liberation of the industrial north both Socialists and Communists, who have led the resistance and suffered the heaviest losses, will be in a position to dominate the government. As Nenni says, only through the continued collaboration of those two parties can any stability be achieved in a situation as productive of chaos as the present one. For hunger has multiplied the difficulties of the Bonomi government and threatens any group that accepts power. It has enormously increased the unpopularity of the Allied control, which is held directly responsible for the fact that the people are suffering greater hardships today than under Nazi occupation or Fascist dictatorship. The suggestion that the UNRRA conference in Montreal will decide to send supplies to Italy will be welcome news not only to the hungry people but to their leaders and rulers as well.

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THE FULL TRUTH ABOUT THE WARSAW patriots' uprising will not be known until after the war. Reports emanating from Moscow, from Lublin, from London, and from beleaguered Warsaw itself simply do not jibe. The fate of the Warsaw fighters has been but dimly seen through thick clouds of political controversy. The Soviet interpretation of this bitter struggle was set forth in two recent articles cabled to *The Nation* from Moscow by Anna Louise Strong. In the current issue we print an article by W. R. Malinowski, a Polish Socialist, written from the standpoint of the moderates in the Mikolajczyk government in exile. The Red Army is now storming Warsaw, and the Committee of National Liberation at Lublin has been recognized by Russia as the Polish provisional government. Meanwhile, in London it appears that differences in the Polish Cabinet over the lack of Russian aid to Warsaw and the proposed resignation of General Sosnkowski as commander-in-chief have become so acute that a break-up of the government is considered near. Before this appears in print it is quite possible that Warsaw itself will have fallen. The city's liberation will close a tragic chapter of Poland's history and also, it is to be hoped, end the political tension which, if prolonged, will almost certainly lead to disastrous civil war. We see no place for reactionary anti-Soviet elements in a Polish government

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which will command the respect of the Polish people. But it is equally clear to us that an agreement between the moderates in the Mikolajczyk government, representing the main democratic Polish parties, and the Lublin committee is the first step toward a free election and toward a united and independent Polish nation.

*

LAST WEEK J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO TOLD *Nation* readers that the Spanish Republic in Exile would "soon become an articulate, fully operating reality" and hinted that important steps to bring about unity of the Republican groups behind the government of Dr. Juan Negrín might be expected presently. Already a first move in that direction is indicated in dispatches from Mexico City announcing the early arrival from London of Dr. Negrín. This news will arouse great interest wherever Spanish Loyalists are congregated. For Republican Spain's last Prime Minister has held aloof from political affairs ever since the end of the Spanish war, refusing to take any part in the controversies that have divided the emigration. He has never asked for recognition of his government but has kept in close personal touch with important British officials and with leading members of the governments in exile. Clearly he was waiting until events themselves should produce a change in Spain and present an opportune moment for the last elected government to step forward and claim its rights. News from France indicates that the moment for action may be near. It is known that many thousands, perhaps as many as forty thousand, Spanish Loyalists formerly interned in France have been fighting with the *Maquis*. Armed and backed by their French comrades, these Republicans, most of them veterans of the war in Spain, offer a formidable threat to the Franco regime, now cut off from all hope of Nazi support. Events in Spain will bear close watching.

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THE ISOLATIONIST ATTACK ON THE PEACE plans being drawn up at Dumbarton Oaks has begun even before the plans themselves are completed. Opponents insist, as opponents of the League insisted in 1919, that they are not opposed to international cooperation as such, but are concerned with imperfections in the program and threats to the constitutional powers of Congress. Senator Robert La Follette, son of the "Fighting Bob" who led the fight on the League, followed faithfully in his father's footsteps by denouncing the "frenzied haste" with which the Roosevelt Administration is striving for an international organization "to permit the great powers to govern the world." Another pre-Pearl Harbor isolationist leader, Senator Vandenberg, has expressed strong opposition to giving the world organization authority to use American armed forces to enforce peace without specific action by Congress on each occasion when the peace is threatened. Since it would be impossible for a world organization to function effectively under such conditions, this kind of objection, if maintained by a third of the Senate, would wreck all hope of a workable post-war peace organization. The seriousness of this threat is reflected in Mr. Willkie's recent article in *Collier's* which showed that the Senate, through the two-thirds rule, has defeated every important measure for international cooperation submitted to it in the past fifty years.

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THE TRIUMPH OF ROOSEVELT'S SUPPORTERS in the Texas Democratic convention draws a final curtain on the Great Electoral College Conspiracy. Aroused by a callous attempt to frustrate the will of the people, rank-and-file Democrats regained control of the party in the recent Texas primary and proceeded to oust all electors who refused to pledge their support to the regular party nominees. The South Carolina revolt also collapsed after a Roosevelt victory in the state primary election, and the Mississippi electors have announced that they will support the Democratic ticket.

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A BELATED BUT GENERAL WAGE INCREASE in industry seems assured by the report of two panels of the National War Labor Board indicating that the cost of living for workers' families has risen somewhat more than the 24 per cent estimated by the Bureau of Labor Statistics. The panels did not uphold the C. I. O.'s contention that living costs had risen 43 per cent from January, 1941, to December, 1943, but they conceded that there had been "involuntary changes in living habits" which made living costs somewhat higher than shown in the BLS index. While it seems certain that the "Little Steel" formula will be adjusted in the near future to compensate workers for the shrunken value of the dollar, there is still no indication of the nature of the adjustment. Presumably the steel workers will be granted a retroactive increase in wages somewhat under their demand. This suggests that the new wage formula may permit an increase of from 5 to 10 per cent above the "Little Steel" formula. Republicans have been quick to charge that the proposed increase will be granted just before the election for political reasons. Actually, the pressure on the Administration for immediate action on the long-delayed wage increase seems to be more closely related to the belief that the European war is approaching its end. The strong move for an abrogation of the no-strike pledge at the United Automobile Workers' convention—which was headed off temporarily by Philip Murray's promise of a wage increase—grew out of fear that wage rates would remain frozen at their present level, with much shorter hours during the reconversion period. If the President is to be criticized, it is for permitting the NWLB to delay its report for so long.

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# History and Mr. Dewey

HISTORY is the arch interloper at Mr. Dewey's feast. All the good things from the fields and vineyards and orchards of Republican free enterprise weigh down the tables, all Mr. Hoover's delicacies—except the apples. History's name is on the black list—hasn't the date of the "Roosevelt" depression been set at 1933 and wasn't the Roosevelt Administration and not the Republican opposition responsible for the delay in war preparedness?—but history, the ugly customer, has shouldered his way past the politicos and bouncers and is sitting expectantly waiting to be served.

Now, it seems that the young man from Owosso has always had a dislike for history. It was not necessary to a successful career. It is difficult to read and understand. Its conclusions sometimes conflict with political aims. It is cramping to the style of a conventional Republican politician well-versed in the folklore of the hinterland and the equally unhistorical legends of the club car. Most of all, Mr. Dewey is chagrined that he has not been called upon to assist in its making, that the boy with the bayonet at the Westwall, the marine on the beach at Peleliu, the peace planners at Dumbarton Oaks, and the strategy makers at Quebec all play a role denied to him. It is an awkward position for a young man who aspires to be President.

Normally we would have great sympathy for a man in Mr. Dewey's position, and it is not to his discredit that he must play the role of spectator in great events. Moreover, it is too bad that at a critical time for American democracy world events distract men's minds from the issues of the election. For the people's choice in November will have much to do with whether we win a new world order or merely win the latest and most devastating of wars. Mr. Dewey has a great opportunity, in his capacity as Republican candidate, to set forth the issues of the election in their historical context. Mr. Willkie attempted as much in his six-point program at the time of the Republican convention. For Mr. Willkie is not a frivolous politician, and at the risk of his whole political future he was true to his reading of history, to his conception of America's destiny in a world that has become one.

Quite otherwise is the case with Mr. Dewey. He shows the chagrin of a small-time performer who resents the fact that the big spot is shining somewhere else. Why should Dumbarton Oaks be called at the time of the Republican governors' conference? Why should Quebec be planned to coincide with his campaign tour? Why should the smashing blows at the Siegfried Line come at the very moment when he makes the claim that "Roosevelt did absolutely nothing to prepare the American people for war"? There is something pathetic about the rage of the little man cold-shouldered by history. There is something indecent about his fantastic attempts to establish himself as history's escort ("now that General MacArthur is no longer a political threat to Mr. Roosevelt it would seem appropriate that his magnificent talents be given greater scope and recognition"). But it is most revealing of all to see him turn his back on history and return with obvious relief to folklore—to the Washington wasters, the WPA for the world, the Roosevelt defeatism, the bureaucratic amateurs. History does not bother him there, and the political advisers seem to approve. For them the time-tried themes are best. They have worked before; they will work again. Americans are not much concerned with history, not much aware of history. Their memories are short. Remember 1940 and 1941 and the Republican fight against the Administration's preparedness measures? Remember the mid-thirties and the Administration's war against want and insecurity? Remember Hoover, the days of the apple? Remember 1920 and the loss of the peace? No, we don't remember, brother. History? To hell with history!

# China at Dumbarton Oaks and Quebec

BY LOUIS FISCHER

IN THE second phase of the Dumbarton Oaks peace conference the Russian delegates depart and China's representatives take their seats. The question naturally arises why the four powers could not sit down together. For the Dumbarton Oaks meeting was convened in fulfilment of the Joint Declaration signed in Moscow on October 30, 1943, by the United States, Great Britain, Russia, and China. The reason most frequently given for Russia's refusal to attend the sessions simultaneously with China is that Russia is not at war with Japan. This reason, however, does not bear examination. The United States is fighting Japan. England is fighting Japan. Russia discusses the peace settlement with them. China is fighting Japan. But Russia refuses to discuss the peace with the Chinese.

At Teheran Stalin, Roosevelt, and Churchill dealt with military questions as well as post-war arrangements, and there was therefore some excuse for a separate Cairo conference with Chiang Kai-shek. But Stettinius, Cadogan, and Gromyko are not mapping war strategy. Neither are they drafting armistice terms for Germany. They are devising a world organization to maintain peace. That is admittedly China's affair, else it would not be at Dumbarton Oaks at all. Then why did the Russians reject the idea of a four-power conference?

Why is Japan not represented at Dumbarton Oaks? This is a fantastic question, but it highlights the Soviet

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government's readiness to deliberate upon the form of a post-war body for maintaining peace from which Japan is excluded. Clearly, then, the Russians assume the defeat of Japan and its elimination as a great power with a voice in international diplomacy. In view of this assumption, the Russians should be willing to confer on peace planning with China, which is fighting to achieve Japan's defeat.

Obviously, there would be not the slightest chance at this late hour of Japan's invading Siberia in retaliation. The Japanese have their hands full elsewhere and have not the strength for an assault upon the Soviet Union. The latest date for such action was when the Nazis were advancing in the Volga region and the Caucasus.

What, then, explains the strange device of two successive three-power panels at Dumbarton Oaks? Did Stalin bar Chungking representatives from contact with his plenipotentiaries because he dislikes doing business with weak states and does not consider China a great power? Or does Stalin hesitate to lend China the prestige of membership in the Big Four until his intentions toward the Chinese Republic are fully formulated? At the moment relations between Moscow and Chungking are cool. The Soviet press has occasionally published criticisms of Chiang Kai-shek's administration, and the Chinese Communists have fiercely attacked the Generalissimo personally and condemned his acts and policies. At Moscow, in the autumn of 1943, it was only after considerable pressure, and then only at the last minute, that Secretary Hull succeeded in persuading Stalin to allow China to sign the Four-Power Joint Declaration.

As the fall of Germany draws nearer, the Pacific war will become more intense. Churchill and Roosevelt at Quebec have been confronting this task. It is not merely a military task. To facilitate our siege of the bloated Japanese empire it will be necessary to solve tremendous political problems in the Far East, problems which if left in their present state of tension may not only prolong the war but frustrate a stable post-war settlement as well. Russo-Chinese relations are one of these problems, the most urgent. China's relations with England and America are another. The whole colonial issue is involved.

The situation inside China is bad; that is no secret. The Chinese government needs immediate aid in materials. It likewise needs the lift in morale which would result from an adjustment of its difficulties with the Chinese soviets and with Soviet Russia. A clarification of our war aims in Asia would also help. China's absence from Quebec will only make the Chinese situation worse. Marshal Stalin was invited to Quebec and replied that military events made it impossible for him to attend. The Canadian, New Zealand, and Australian governments did not like being kept away from Quebec, and they were invited. But China was not represented at Quebec. Why this cold-shouldering of China at Dumbarton Oaks and Quebec? It does not help to solidify conditions inside China, and it does not contribute to victory over Japan. Moreover, it creates a backlog of resentment against England and America which will not make the Far Eastern picture rosier after the war.

In his letter to President Roosevelt dated May 14, 1943, Ambassador William Phillips, White House envoy to India, advised a "generous British gesture to India." He mentioned the possible effect upon China of such a gesture. "China," he wrote, "which regards the Anglo-American bloc with misgivings and mistrust, might then be assured that we are in truth fighting for a better world. And," added Mr. Phillips, a conservative career diplomat with an eye to reality, "the colonial peoples might hopefully feel that they have something better to look forward to than simply their return to their old masters."

Mr. Phillips sees his proposed "generous British gesture to India" as part of the entire Asiatic complex. "Such a gesture, Mr. President," his letter continues, "would produce not only a tremendous psychological stimulus to flagging morale throughout Asia and facilitate our military operations in that theater, but it will be proof positive to all peoples—our own and the British included—that this is not a war of power politics but a war for all we say it is."

Thus a high State Department official, fresh from Asia, advocates political warfare on a grand scale to transform the "flagging morale" of China, India, and other parts of Asia into enthusiasm for the Four Freedoms and the United Nations' cause.

If Stalin, Roosevelt, and Churchill could see their way clear to implementing the Four Freedoms in Asia and to banishing foreign domination it would be worth a dozen Dumbarton Oaks conferences.

## That Dog in the White House

*Washington, September 15 (Not AP)*—Republicans in Congress blew up today when it was revealed that the navy had *not* sent a plane from Seattle to the Aleutians to pick up President Roosevelt's Scotty, Fala, reported left in the islands by mistake.

"The dog," declared Representative Tootson, "has often been referred to, and with reason, as man's best friend. No good American, no good President, no good Commander-in-Chief would have flinched at sending a plane to rescue his dog even though he ran the risk of adverse criticism. Without hesitation the President sent not one but thousands of our planes and our boys to save the British Empire and Russian communism. He could not spare one plane to rescue his best friend."

Representative Tootson said that he would demand an inquiry into the "Fala affair."

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# *The War Fronts*

BY CHARLES G. BOLTE

MAY I remind my readers that there is still a British army fighting in Western Europe, and that it has been fighting very well for a very long time?

It is difficult to remember that these days, with the Americans doing great things and occupying great headlines. This is perfectly natural: home-town news sells newspapers, and American papers and press associations have a normal tendency to send their correspondents to cover the doings of American troops. It is also true that there are now more American troops in Western Europe than there are British, and that Americans have lately had more spectacular missions. But it is unfortunate that the coverage has been so lopsided: it may lead to the development of another "we won the war" attitude, and already it has led, in my hearing, to muttered remarks about the British not doing very much. All this adds weight to the still widespread feeling in America that Albion somehow remains perfidious—a feeling which expresses itself, for example, in the repeated vocal suspicions that Britain will leave us to fight the Japanese without help. Purely aside from the logic of the situation—Britain obviously has more vital interests in the Far East than we have—this causes Mr. Churchill to spend valuable time making speeches which reaffirm Britain's determination to bear its full share of the Far Eastern war.

Logic and accurate reporting do little to dispel irrational suspicions, especially those of the peculiarly virulent national character; but a fuller account of the part played by British and Canadian armies in the Western European fighting would at least present the evidence for such minds as remain orderly. Actually it is now clear that the Battle of Germany was decided at Caen and Falaise, where British and Canadian troops tied up the bulk of the German divisions on the beachhead front and formed the all-important pivot of maneuver around which the Americans wheeled. The seven weeks of dogged warfare on this sector which preceded the St. Lo breakthrough saw the piecemeal committing and piecemeal destruction of a great part of the German strength west of the Seine. This same dogged fighting after the breakthrough held the Germans tight while Bradley's columns swept around and back up through Argentan; and the narrowing of the pocket, the terrible slaughter visited upon the Germans as they tried to escape, and the final snapping shut of the trap cost the enemy so many divisions that he has not been, and will not be, able to offer a protracted defense.

Released from the essentially grim and bitter nature of this kind of in-fighting by the German flight to the Seine, these same British troops advanced from Paris to Brussels in something like one-fifth the time the Germans needed to cover the stretch going in the opposite direction four years ago.

Both these phases—the slow, bitter going and the sudden, bold dash—were obviously dictated by the commander-in-chief's plan. The battle experience and guaranteed steadiness of the British troops made them the logical choice for the onerous holding task, in France as in Sicily; the comparative inexperience and highly mobile equipment of the Americans made them the logical choice for the wheeling task in both theaters. But the amount of ground covered is not the necessary index of a force's contribution to victory; the real index is the destruction wrought upon the enemy's armed forces, and by that index the British contribution ranks very high.

The British Seventh Armored Division has been reported among those present in the west; I remember it well, and heard of its presence there with something like nostalgia—the natural, childlike, and foolish nostalgia of a man two years away from fighting, which gets stronger as time passes and probably contributes to further wars, because men like wars so well in their memories. The attachment to a good division is quite apart from the revulsion against the blood and boredom of war, and is stronger than the attachment to a good college, say. I was only in the Seventh for one day—after that my brigade moved to another and lesser division—but everyone in my regiment considered himself a part of the Seventh, which is the original "Desert Rat" division of the Army of the Nile (later the Eighth Army); battalions of the Sixtieth have been in the Seventh since the beginning, when it was nowhere near strength but still managed to hold the Egyptian frontier against all the Italians in Libya.

In those days one of our battalions used to hold sixty miles of front, and not merely hold it but raid the Italian camps continually; so that the enemy was convinced there was a whole British army against him. The Seventh fought with Wavell, Ritchie, Auchinleck, and Montgomery in the Western Desert, swinging back and forth across Libya five times in two years, going through a tremendous turnover in men and vehicles, producing great commanders like Jock Campbell, V.C., and Strafer Gott, the best of all desert soldiers. It was the most casual, scruffy, gay, anti-baloney, and efficient division of an army which had all those characteristics; and when it had

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fought its way out of the desert and into Tunis (first into Tunis as first into Tobruk, Benghasi, and Tripoli) one of its officers wrote that the victory "left us professionally, so to speak, with many doubts as to the future." It felt the desert was its habitat, despite flies, sand, sun, and very many casualties. But it went on, into Sicily and Italy, and then home—after four years of continuous fighting—for a few months, after which it went into Normandy. It is probably pushing into Germany today, and I am betting that it will be first into Berlin. It may even go to Tokyo, confounding the critics of an army which "doesn't go far enough or fast enough."

# *Senator Norris and the TVA*

BY DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

[*In the preface to his recent book, "TVA—Democracy on the March," David Lilienthal, the TVA's chairman and an original member of its directing board, used these words about Senator George W. Norris: "What the TVA owes to Senator George W. Norris the country well knows; indeed, without him there would be no TVA; his statesmanship and integrity are deeply engraved upon every chapter of TVA's legislative history. And in the years since TVA was created, its administrators have been privileged to draw deeply from those wellsprings of wisdom and sagacity that mark Senator Norris as one of the great men of America's history." Upon word of the death of Senator Norris,* The Nation *asked Chairman Lilienthal to write briefly and in personal vein of the Senator's relations with the TVA since its establishment in 1933.*]

ONE of the most gratifying experiences of my life was to witness the deep satisfaction Senator Norris derived from watching the TVA develop. In May, 1933, the TVA was merely something written in a law for every word of which he had been forced to fight hard and long. As the months and years went by, it unfolded into a reality, a thing he could see, something that actually was part of the lives of several million people. Not many progressives have had that experience—living to see their ideas carried out and their battle for the public welfare recognized. Norris did—and he enjoyed it enormously. It is good to recall the joy it gave him.

When the Senator made a visit to the TVA, it was a picnic for the whole Valley. He never seemed to tire of talking with everyone and seeing everything. He would shove his hat to the back of his head and with his coat on his arm and his vest unbuttoned would stand for a half-hour at a time solemnly watching a huge rock-crusher crunching giant boulders, preparing them for the concrete. An explosion in a quarry, ripping the whole side off a mountain, would set him into the raptures of a youngster. He would shake his head, quietly murmuring his wonder, as an eager young engineer would "brag" about how on this job *his* crew licked all TVA's previous records on costs of concrete forms. The Senator's appearance of fascinated interest in everything wasn't put on; it was as genuine as Norris himself was about everything he did, on the floor of the Senate or off.

No wonder the people of the Valley loved him. After one of his visits the men and women working on the TVA would go around in a daze because this great figure, almost a legend, had shown such an absorbed and boyish pleasure in what they were doing. It made the work we were doing really important if Senator Norris was so interested in every little detail. In fact, after that it was no longer a detail. George Norris, from my point of view as an administrator, was the greatest morale builder—to use the stock phrase—the TVA job ever had. And the memory, the spirit, of this completely devoted man is still over this enterprise. I hope it always will be. There could be no better guaranty that the TVA will be honest, non-political, and completely devoted to the welfare of the people of this Valley.

Senator Norris, as those who worked with him closely know so well, was often sad, gloomy, and depressed. But when he visited with the people around the drug-stores in the little towns of the Valley, or read to you from letters of appreciation and understanding he had received from folks down here—he got them by the scores and the hundreds—his face would light up and he would be supremely happy.

Senator Norris was as wise and shrewd a fighter as American public life has produced. But he did have a streak of naivete, and it was one of the most charming of his traits. For example, he never could understand that he was a famous and influential man, and it always surprised him that the TVA, which had absorbed him for so many years when there were few who stood with him, had become the center of world-wide interest.

One incident, as he related it to me, will illustrate how completely simple—a genuine countryman—he remained right to the end. He said he had just returned from a trip to Boston, where he had been honored with a banquet—this was shortly after he was defeated for re-

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election to the Senate. The banquet was to be in the evening; that noon he was invited to have luncheon at the Harvard Club in Cambridge. "I went over to the lunch," he told me, "and there were assembled fifty, perhaps a hundred, college professors. After lunch we adjourned to a room in the club, and they called on me for remarks. I was taken by surprise and said that I hardly knew what they wanted me to talk about. I was then interrupted by the chairman. He said that he knew what they wanted to hear from me. They wanted me to talk about the TVA. This greatly surprised me. To think that these highly educated men had in some way become interested in the TVA idea! So I talked to them about it extemporaneously for about an hour. This audience of learned men, professors at Harvard University, was as interested as children in what I said. They took it all in, and they asked intelligent questions about it. It was one of the most satisfactory meetings I ever held in my life."

Just a day or so before he was fatally stricken, Senator Norris received word that must have meant a great deal to him. That word was that the TVA had just closed the great steel gates on the Kentucky Dam, and had begun to impound water behind this, the last and largest dam to be built on the main stem of the river. Thus for the first time in history man had placed a great river completely in his control and forced it to work in the interest of humankind, a memorial, for the centuries, to the insight and love of his fellow-man of a wise, simple, and courageous American.

# *What Women Vote For*

BY ELIZABETH HAWES

THE question about the so-called "women's vote" is generally phrased: *How* will the women vote? The answer to that is too easy. Women vote just as men vote. Either they are thinking women who draw their own conclusions as to what vote is best for them and the economic group to which they and their masculine counterparts belong by right of inclination, or they are thoughtless women who vote as their husbands tell them to vote.

The question is not so much *how* women will vote as *how many* women will vote.

In 1940 the total population of the United States over twenty-one years of age was 79,863,452. Of that number of potential voters, an estimated ten million were disenfranchised by the poll tax. The total vote cast was 49,815,312. About twenty million, or about 30 per cent of those who might have voted, did not vote.

In 1944, with a population over twenty-one of about eighty-eight and a half million, with an estimated 70 per cent of soldiers disenfranchised in addition to the millions in the poll-tax states, if we assume that 30 per cent of those who can will not vote, we have about twenty-two million wilful non-voters. About half the votes in 1940 were cast by women. By a slight sleight-of-hand movement, one may logically determine that there are eleven million female votes to be picked up, and that this eleven million could swing an election—in a close year.

It is generally agreed that if everyone in the United States who could vote did vote, Mr. Roosevelt would unquestionably be elected by an overwhelming majority. On September 6 Gallup said that if the total vote were as low as 37,500,000 Dewey would be elected. He pointed out that when it goes above the 37,500,00 mark approximately 60 per cent of the doubtful votes would be for Roosevelt against 35 per cent for Dewey. We are justified in assuming, therefore, that the majority of the eleven million new female voters would be for Roosevelt.

Is there any special appeal which can get women to the polls? Are women's interests different from men's?

I'll say there are special appeals to be made to women, and that women's interests are different from men's. I'll say it on the basis of having talked personally with hundreds of women industrial workers, from Maine to California; on the basis of having corresponded with hundreds more who are housewives. Of course this is a personal opinion, and Mr. Gallup can go out and disprove it if he pleases.

The majority of women in the United States, whether working inside or outside their homes, are the most self-sacrificing creatures living. They are 100 per cent Christian in the main, turning the other cheek if slapped, making miracles out of loaves and fishes; and to partake of the loaves and fishes is not their primary concern.

Surely, most housewives are afraid that they will lose their jobs as wives if they express opinions contrary to those of their husbands on any major issue. They do not even expect their husbands to talk politics to them. They expect to give all for the children. They fuss, yes, but about small things; they are adamant in protecting their right to choose the food and the curtains, to bring up the children. 'It would be fine," said one of them, "to have an outside job and a little independence. But don't you think we might lose our husbands?" And so they go on doing their jobs—their hateful, confining jobs.

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As for the women who work outside their homes, there were eighteen million of them in the peak month of July, 1944. Even if we were not at war, there would be fourteen million, if we can judge by the steady flow of women into gainful employment since 1870. These women are as self-sacrificing, on the whole, as the average housewife. Perhaps more so.

"What right have women to seniority rights?" one of them will say. "Of course the men come first." This with about 85 per cent of the women now employed knowing full well that they want jobs after the war. "Equal pay for equal work?" The women laugh if you ask them whether they get it. They laugh, but they don't fight for it.

I am not speaking of the leaders, the women who are struggling in the many fields where discrimination against women is obvious. I'm speaking of what is called the rank and file of women workers. They, like the rank and file of housewives, don't feel that anyone gives a damn about what happens to them. They were born into this world; they are trying to carry their responsibilities as best they can. It's a man's world, and as long as men don't feel that progress is important, that's that. As long as men don't feel that allowing unequal pay to exist, allowing seniority rights to be broken down, allowing their wives to remain almost illiterate—certainly ignorant of things outside their narrow ken—is holding back a better world, so long will most of these women accept their fate. They may complain to one another, to any other woman if there are no men present, but they will continue to take it on the chin.

As a group, Negroes have made far more progress toward breaking down the discriminations against them than women have in the last years. Negroes have worked together and enlisted help not only from their government but from many white progressives. Women, despite the many discriminations against their sex, have thus far failed to form a united front which would cut across economic lines. They have failed to stand up for their rights, and no powerful outside agency or group of individuals has ever offered them a helping hand.

Of course no one wants to split the women off from the men. And heaven prevent a new rise of feminism, a middle-class and impotent form of uprising at best. But the women of the United States are no more dolts than are the men. Were I. Q. measured against I. Q. we'd probably come out even. The women will come out of their despondency, out of their silence, come out to the polls, only if they are offered an intelligent program of action.

It is not important to the mass of women to have the Republican or the Democratic Party openly indorse an equal-rights amendment (which actually would nullify good labor laws). The majority of women are much too smart to be fooled by good or bad sops to their feelings. It is not important to most women to have political parties put women on their committees, or even to have women hoisted into leadership in unions. Those things are important only to a few women who seek personal prestige and to a few others who want to get into high places in order to present a case for their sisters.

What is important to housewives is that the conditions of their work be eased, that they obtain the assistance they need to carry out their responsibilities fully. They want nursery schools for their young children and recreational programs for their older children. They want mechanical housekeeping aids at prices they can afford. They want decent, modern houses in which they can easily clean and cook. Their government should help provide them with such things. Women cannot and will not be interested in generalities or vague promises.

The many thousands of New York State women who prodded Dewey into allocating over a million dollars for the care of children of working mothers, and who watched him save the state most of that money by enmeshing it in red tape, those women will never believe in Dewey or in a party that sponsors him. But is any party offering a program, or any part of a program, which specifically promises help to the housewives of America?

And what do the women in industry want today? A very great number of workingwomen for years have wanted a place to sit down when their work did not require them to stand. They have wanted a ten-minute rest period for every four-hour work period. That has been recommended by many experts as a spur to production; yet it is required by only four states. Women want clean rest rooms and enough time to eat decent food in adequate cafeterias. In comparatively few plants are all these things provided.

Women can and should fight for and obtain these benefits. But they don't, because that is not the way they have been brought up. They are doing their best with life as it comes. Eighty-five per cent of workingwomen want jobs at decent wages after this war. But they know that if there aren't enough jobs for everyone, they will, as always, be the first to go. They know that if a pay cut is necessary, they, as always, will bear the brunt. They know that most men think such a system perfectly fine. Heaven knows, these women don't want any special privileges. And heaven knows they don't expect anyone to give them a thought. I am certain that many more millions of women would embark upon the arduous road to a better life, would join unions, join in group action for improved housing and improved education, yes, I am sure that many more women would register and vote if they felt that they really had a chance of attaining their desires.

But suppose this is a close election, and suppose the votes of the eleven million women who normally do not vote can swing the election? Is the Democratic Party really going after the doubtful votes? Is either party promising to make an honest effort to bring to women, a suppressed portion of the electorate, the things about

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which they really care? This potential women's vote can be won only by a party which honestly believes not only in equality of race, creed, color, and nationality, but in equality of sex. That, in 1944, is asking a great deal.

When some party, or the leader of some party, gives proof that steps will be taken to solve "women's problems," that party will win over not only the previously non-voting women but many from every party. When women have cause to feel that there are in fact to be no special women's problems, that men and women will really have an equal chance at jobs, that they will actually share the burdens of housing, feeding, clothing, child care—and government—then only will the mass of women of the United States arouse themselves to their full responsibilities as citizens. For then they will be living in a country where they are not treated as idiots or whores or goddesses or "little women," or "Moms."

The Republican Party isn't even considerate of the majority of men, whereas the Democratic Party under the leadership of Franklin Roosevelt has gone a long way to iron out some of the common man's problems. Why doesn't it finish the job by giving real thought to the women?

## To Henry David Thoreau

*(After reading a tribute to him in* Fortune*)*

Thoreau, you've come into your own
  Along with all the streamlined sages,
Your sentences acquire tone
  On *Fortune's* heavy coated pages.

Henry, you've won your accolade,
  *Fortune* agrees your thoughts are useful;
You rate even now, shrewd Yankee sage,
  With thinkers practical and Luce-ful.

Henry, you fled to Walden Pond;
  Your flight became a textbook fable;
Your influence now soars beyond
  The schoolroom to the tycoon's table.

"The mass of men," I think you wrote,
  "Lead lives of quiet desperation";
They die. Their words live on to quote
  With costly colored illustration.

You fled, I know, the market-place,
  Your townsmen's lives, cheap and external,
But you've come back at last to grace
  The great world in its suavest journal.

Now Walden Pond is far away,
  And you long dead, shrewd Yankee mentor;
But every seer must have his day,
  And right in Rockefeller Center.

IRWIN EDMAN

# *In the Wind*

WE HAVE IT from one who is in a position to know that several Republican bigwigs went to Darryl Zanuck during the filming of "Wilson" and offered to make difficulties unless it were suppressed. Zanuck told them he was perfectly willing to suppress it, because he had a better idea for a movie anyhow—the life and times of Warren G. Harding. That ended the argument.

IN THE MIDST of a war against Nazism, Clifton D. Gray, president of Bates College, Lewiston, Maine, has sent to educational agencies throughout the country a letter advising them of a vacancy in his faculty, containing this sentence: "The situation makes it necessary for us to consider only those candidates who have affiliation with some branch of the Protestant church." That seems to be the chief qualification. Some teaching experience is "desirable," but apparently not essential.

A RELIABLE SOURCE in the book-publishing field informs us that an effort was made to have Carl Carmer write the official biography of Thomas E. Dewey, which has just appeared under the McGraw-Hill imprint, the idea being that then it could be presented as "a great piece of Americana" rather than as a campaign document. Carmer, who knows his Americana, wasn't interested.

THE FORTNIGHTLY *News Comment* of Canada's Cooperative Commonwealth Federation sums up the past session of the Canadian Parliament as follows: "A small group of C. C. F., about one-fifteenth of the Liberal membership, but backed by an ever-growing popular opinion, was able to force the government to adopt social legislation, some of which has been in the Liberal platform for a quarter-century. . . . The evidence is incontrovertible that it has reached the statute book because the Liberals felt that it offered their only means of stemming the rising tide of C. C. F. support. . . . History may well record that no party . . . ever accomplished so much before actually assuming power."

TOM Y. CHAN, a leader of the Chinese community in Chicago and a member of the committee that sold more than $4,000,000 in war bonds during the Fifth War Loan drive in Chinatown, died recently. He expressed a wish to be buried in Rosehill Cemetery near his first wife, who was buried there twenty-four years ago. Cemetery officials said no. For the past twenty years they have catered to a restricted clientele.

FESTUNG EUROPA: The Slovakian Nazi paper *Gardista* warns that an Allied victory would mean "that the country would return to senseless equal suffrage and to the unnatural dogma of equality." . . . This want ad slipped past the censor into a Copenhagen newspaper: "Apartment of three rooms and bath wanted at end of war, no later than October 1."

[*The prize for the best item received in August goes to Lieutenant F. J. S., somewhere in South Carolina, for the story of the Republican advertisement stressing how hard it is for soldiers to vote. It was published August 26.*]

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# *Uprising in Warsaw*

BY W. R. MALINOWSKI

THE uprising in Warsaw is at the end of its seventh week. The citizens have battled against the Germans for almost fifty days with magnificent courage and heroism. In Warsaw proper the battle is being waged by the entire population; men, women, and children have joined the fight in support of the underground army and the fighting detachments of all political groups, including the battalions of the Communist Polish Workers' Party.

For the third time since the beginning of this war Warsaw is the symbol of a people's struggle. Five years after the defense of the capital in 1939, a year and a half after the Battle of the Warsaw Ghetto in 1943, the citizens of Warsaw are again paying a high price for their country's right to freedom and independence. The democratic and progressive character of this struggle is testimony to the spirit prevailing in Poland today. For the backbone of the underground and of the underground army is the peasant and labor movements, which are steeped in the traditions of democracy.

The present Battle of Warsaw is one of the greatest tragedies of our time. For many long days the people of Warsaw have been prevented from receiving sufficient help from their allies largely by the still unresolved difficulty of obtaining Russian cooperation in facilitating British and American aid. The U. S. S. R., according to a Tass statement of August 10, "disclaimed all responsibility for the insurrection in Warsaw." What is more, the plight of the Polish fighters and the significance of their struggle have been almost completely ignored by the liberal press of England and America. It is especially important, therefore, that we examine the conditions which precipitated this struggle.

According to plans agreed upon by the Polish government and the leaders of the underground, the uprising was to coincide with the German retreat from Warsaw. On July 30, through the medium of the Kosciusko Broadcasting Station in Moscow, the Polish groups in the U. S. S. R., which for more than two years have accused the Polish government of delaying the uprising, again appealed to the people of Warsaw to revolt against their German oppressors (reported in the Manchester *Guardian* on August 22). Apparently, all Polish groups were now in agreement that the moment had come when Warsaw was to rise and engage the enemy in open war. As the Germans began their evacuation of the city, they indulged in their usual mass executions and ordered the transfer of factories, together with their workers—the flesh and blood of the Polish underground army—to the Reich. The German plans, which were about to negate five years of preparation by the underground for this day, plus the revolutionary tradition of the people of Warsaw, a tradition dating back to 1794, made the opening of the Battle of Warsaw imperative. Everyone waited for Allied victories as the signal to begin. The uprising of a whole people could not of course be timed as precisely as, for instance, the invasion of the European Continent by the Allied armies. It was dependent on many circumstances.

During the first period of the fighting the Poles concentrated upon seizing the bridges across the Vistula in order to prevent the Germans from reinforcing their troops and to enable the Red Army to cross the river into the city proper. When this attempt proved premature, they changed to guerrilla warfare within the city, aiming to tie up major enemy forces until the Red Army should arrive. In the present, third stage the uprising has become a struggle to survive until the Red Army takes Warsaw.

The prolongation of the fight in Warsaw makes necessary large stocks of ammunition, arms, food, and medical supplies. In response to constant appeals for help, the Western Allies, according to the New York *Times* of September 13, have finally sent planes over Warsaw and dropped one hundred tons of supplies, which were acknowledged by the patriots. According to Premier Mikolajczyk, however, the help that was promised Poland when he was in Moscow has not been forthcoming, despite the fact that a liaison officer of the Red Army has been in Warsaw since August 7. It has also been revealed by Mikolajczyk that the United States and Great Britain failed to get permission to use air bases on Soviet territory which would have facilitated the delivery of substantial aid. Subjected to intensive bombardment by the Luftwaffe, in constant need of more supplies (the underground has estimated that five tons of food and ammunition are needed daily), and facing the German threat to execute hundreds of thousands of civilians now held in Pzuszkow Camp in reprisal for the insurrection, the fighters of Warsaw have nevertheless not given up.

After the Red Army's seizure of Praga, a suburb of Warsaw, on September 14, Polish patriots could see the attacking Russians. On September 15, according to a Moscow communiqué, Poles were still fighting to secure a hold on the west bank of the Vistula so as to facilitate the Red Army's entrance into the city. On September 17, General Bor, commander of the patriots, reported that Soviet planes were dropping supplies to his forces.

In the meantime the Polish government, after Miko-

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lajczyk's negotiations with Stalin and with the Polish Committee of National Liberation, sent a conciliatory memorandum to Moscow. It was agreed by the Polish government in London and the Polish underground parliament that a new Polish government was to be formed in liberated Warsaw by Prime Minister Mikolajczyk, who is also acceptable to the Polish Committee of National Liberation as the future Polish Premier. However, instead of renewed concentration on the problem of getting help to the embattled capital of Poland, a useless discussion was entered into with regard to the timing of the uprising and the culpability of the leaders, a discussion which merely served to veil the real issue.

The uprising in Warsaw has shown that the anti-fascist forces in Poland now play an important role. The sacrifices of these people must not be in vain. The words of Premier Mikolajczyk, quoted in the New York *Times* on September 1, are a fitting expression of the Polish spirit. He declared that Poland would not cease fighting "as long as Germans stand on our soil" and that Poland could not be denied its "natural right" to kill Germans. We may also recall the question posed by the labor leader now President-designate of the Polish Republic, Tomasz Arciszewski, who recently arrived in London after five years of work in the Polish underground: "Should the Allies leave Poland unaided in the present situation, the defeat will not be ours alone. For what will then be the thoughts and feelings of common, decent men all over the world who . . . took up arms in the sacred fight for democracy and justice in international relations?"

# *Polls, Propaganda, Politics*

## Front-Page Bias in Newspapers

CONTRARY to the press's theory that it reports the news "straight, without reference to editorial opinions," a study conducted by this bureau shows that Roosevelt and Dewey papers differ sharply in the content of their front pages. They devote almost exactly the same proportion of their front pages to the campaign, but they choose somewhat different subjects and often "angle" the news.

More than half the stories in the Roosevelt papers were pro-Roosevelt; almost half of those in the Dewey papers favored the Republicans. In each group the content of about one in every five stories was favorable to the opposition. Three of every ten campaign stories on the front pages of the Roosevelt papers were neutral in content; between three and four of every ten were neutral in the Dewey papers. Both groups were even more partisan in terms of space than in terms of number of stories. Thus 56 per cent of the 2,089 column inches given to the campaign in the Roosevelt papers was pro-Roosevelt or anti-Dewey material; 51 per cent of the 2,289 campaign inches in papers for Dewey favored him. About one-fourth of the space in Roosevelt papers was neutral; 16 per cent was unfavorable to the Administration. Dewey papers gave a little more space to neutral and 18 per cent to pro-Administration items.

If both groups of papers used the same material, they frequently showed their editorial preferences in their headlines and in the sections they cut or kept. Thus the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* (pro-Dewey) headlined an A. P. story "Peace 'Say' Seen for Smaller Fry," while the pro-Administration Richmond *Times-Dispatch* captioned it "Dewey's Fear Is Groundless Hull Asserts." The two papers ran precisely the same story until, at the very end, the *Plain Dealer*, after quoting Senator Connally (Dem.), added a pro-Dewey quotation from Senator Vandenberg (Rep.); the *Times-Dispatch* quoted only Connally and closed with a favorable reference to Hull's press conference omitted by the *Plain Dealer*.

Our study was based on an analysis of seven Roosevelt and seven Dewey papers. Since differences in news coverage might be due to differences in the news available to the two groups, the papers chosen were matched in terms of their circulation, the regions in which they were published, and the time of appearance. As typical pro-Roosevelt papers the Chicago *Sun*, the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, the Philadelphia *Record*, the Atlanta *Constitution*, the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, the New York *Post*, and the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* were used. Matched with these were the pro-Dewey Chicago *Tribune*, the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, the Philadelphia *Enquirer*, the Washington *Times Herald*, the Baltimore *Sun*, the Washington *Daily News*, and the Kansas City *Star*. All fourteen papers were read from August 16 through August 26, excluding Sunday, August 20, when the full sample was not available. Only the front pages were analyzed, since these presumably contain the material which editors and publishers want to call to the attention of their readers.

Of a total of 969 stories in the Dewey papers, 119 were devoted to the campaign. In the Roosevelt papers 105 of 865 stories dealt with the candidates and their activities or other political news. Thus in each group about 12 per cent of the front-page material was on the coming election. In terms of inches Dewey papers gave slightly more space to the campaign than did Roosevelt papers (9.4 as against 8.7 per cent).

The major news breaks in the ten-day period covered were Republican and Democratic reactions to the Dumbarton Oaks conference, the controversy in the War Production Board over Nelson's assignment to China and Wilson's resignation, and stories about Pearl Harbor, army censorship, labor's role in the campaign, and reconversion. The development of Republican foreign policy received very different emphasis in the two groups of papers. Dewey papers devoted four times as much space to the Dulles-Hull conference as the Roosevelt supporters (447 to 124 column inches). But the conference between Willkie and Dulles was given almost twice as much space in pro-Administration as in pro-Republican papers (101 to 61 column inches)—because Willkie's agreement to meet with Dulles was accompanied by a rebuff to Dewey.

In general, then, the study shows clearly that editorial preferences influence the selection and treatment of campaign news. And since a large majority of papers are anti-Administration, the greater part of the news to which the public is exposed has that slant.

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# *Europe's Children*

BY GEROLD FRANK

*Jerusalem, August 25 (by cable)*

ONE can only sit humbly before the refugee children of Europe. Their stories are incredible. It is difficult to believe that the average adult could stand what they have undergone. To this city come hundreds of such children: the orphans and the dispossessed, the battered and beaten and starved Jewish children of the massacred populations of Germany, France, Austria, Rumania, Poland, the Ukraine—of virtually all Europe. I have talked with many of them in the collective agricultural settlements where the Jewish Agency for Palestine, which negotiates their rescue, brought them.

Among the many big rehabilitation problems the overwhelming ones are: How are you going to implant a sense of security in a thirteen-year-old child who has seen both of his parents bludgeoned to death? How are you going to restore faith in humanity in a fourteen-year-old girl who tells you she has seen human blood seep out of the earth, indeed, who imagines she has seen the very earth heave with the struggles of persons buried while still living, who remembers having been pursued by shouting Nazis and yelping sheepdogs?

In the gentlest of ways, in the kindest of voices, with skill, patience, and understanding, young instructors, themselves refugees from the horror of Europe, work with these children, live with them, labor to make them realize that here at last they have reached a haven and are among friends.

Their wanderings for the past five years eclipse those of the children of Israel—harried and scourged from one concentration camp to another, across borders, over rivers, through countries. What their experiences have done to them can be imagined. Only the resilience of youth and the extraordinarily intelligent care they are receiving accounts for the fact that they can be interviewed so soon after their ordeals. They are still inclined to keep to themselves; they are not ready to trust adults; they still suspect that tomorrow or perhaps the day after the order will come to go—and again the nightmare will begin.

Here is thirteen-year-old Joseph Roman. He is black-haired, with a thin aquiline nose, and terror still showing in his dark eyes. His nostrils quiver as he speaks. His mouth remains open at the end of every sentence. His watching eyes never leave your own. If you were to rise up suddenly and lash him with a whip, he would not be surprised.

Joseph's Rumanian father was a timber merchant in Bucovina. The family fled on July 16, 1941. They were arrested and held for a week in a concentration camp at Trozuitza. They were then ordered to Winnica on the Bug River. After three weeks Joseph and his parents and hundreds of others were herded together and driven on foot by armed soldiers for more than 150 miles to the banks of the Dniester. Those who could not keep up were shot. The only food they had was what they carried with them. The refugees arrived at the river starving and semi-naked. There they were told that two nights before 300 Jews had been driven into the water and drowned. For some reason they were spared that fate. Next, they were forced to march twenty miles to the town of Secureni, then thirty miles to the concentration camp of Tosn Yedentiza, where they remained a month. Then those who were still alive were driven on foot for scores of miles to another concentration camp in Trans-Istria. Among those who died were Joseph's mother and father. Finally immigration certificates came bearing Joseph's name, and he went to Palestine.

Here is Ada Fianonu, fourteen, from Katinetz Podolsky on the Rumanian-Polish-Ukraine border. She is short and blond. Her Russian features explain why she is alive today. Who would guess that she is a Jew? She has lived through five pogroms. With her father she fled from the Nazis to Winnica. Hiding in a neighbor's back room, she had seen her mother and baby sister dragged from their kitchen by the Nazis. It was she who saw blood in the forest where the Jews had been massacred, and ran screaming that she had seen the earth shake as the dead tried to rise. Later her father fled with her to Abdal, Rumania. He was kept behind barbed wire but helped her to escape to the Ukraine, then to Berlod, Bucharest, Constanta, Istanbul—and finally to Palestine, thanks to an immigration certificate.

Now into the room come Hanna Ehrenreich, fifteen, and her brother Simcha, sixteen, both slim and blond. They are Polish, born in Görlitz near Krakow. At the outbreak of the war the family fled to Stanislova, remaining there for a year until the Russians came, and then going to Siberia. After fourteen months a general amnesty was declared and the family went to Buhara in southern Russia. The parents were sick for nine months. Simcha shined shoes on the street to get money for food, and Hanna stood all day long in queues waiting to buy it, but they were all slowly starving. Finally in desperation the parents sent the children to Teheran with the Polish armies. After two months they were sent from

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Teheran to a Polish orphan camp in Uganda, Africa, where they were interned for fifteen months. Then a Palestinian uncle sent them immigration certificates with which they went to Palestine via the Sudan.

Hanna and Simcha rise and go out, and Shulamith Mizrachi, fourteen, a dark girl with thick, black hair and brows, takes a seat. She is a Greek from Larisa. In August, 1942, her father, mother, six brothers, and two sisters fled to Athens before the advancing Germans. When the news of the Jewish massacres in Salonika reached them, the father, brothers, and eldest sister went to the hills to join the partisans. Shulamith and the other sister stayed with friends in Athens until it became too dangerous. Then the two girls fled. They walked day and night to the town of Evia on the sea and boarded a ship for Samos in the Aegean. The day they arrived in Samos, the island was conquered by the Nazis. The girls waited for darkness and then fled again. The captain of a freighter took pity on them and transported them to the Turkish shore, whence they made their way into the hills. They slept for two nights and then walked, they do not know how many days, till they got to Istanbul. There they were given immigration certificates for Palestine.

Now we see George Hermann, seventeen, slim, dark-eyed, with a thin mustache. He is German-born, from Berlin. At the age of four he was taken by his parents to Belgium. At the outbreak of the war the family fled into France. From Paris they were shunted to Toulouse, which was crowded with refugees. From Toulouse they went to Bordeaux, where the same conditions prevailed. Finally they arrived in Montpellier. After the fall of Paris they were arrested and sent south to a concentration camp on the Golfe du Lion. In July, 1942, the Nazis began the depopulation of the camp, sending out trainloads of women and children in box cars for extermination. George saw his mother herded into a box car, then his father. A French camp nurse declared that George was sick, put him in an ambulance, gave him a Boy Scout uniform and a thousand francs, and sent him to a Scout camp at Perpignan, thirty miles to the south. He crossed the Spanish border at night, walked for three days to Barcelona, was arrested for illegal entry and taken to a concentration camp at Miranda via one prison after another. He spent a half-year at Miranda, where conditions were appalling. Finally he too received a certificate for Palestine.

So the stories go. You listen to them. The children are polite yet speak only when spoken to. A few weeks ago, when they first arrived, they refused to relinquish the pathetic cardboard boxes in which they were carrying a few rags of clothes. The other children surrounded them and said, "Don't be afraid—you'll get better clothes. Everything is very safe here." One day, like magic, understanding comes and a first sense of well-being. Those here for three months already show a big difference.

Now they are tilling the soil, making the earth produce, doing things with their hands. You cannot help wondering what they think of their experiences, to what conclusions they have come. Old before their time, their eyes somber, steady, accusing, they make you feel your philosophical questions are stupid; you are confused before them. The questions are not easy for them. George Hermann says, "It's bad to hate people—people in concentration camps become animals. And those who beat them, the jailers, are even worse." Black-browed Shulamith shakes her head: "It's necessary to remember," she says. "It's not good to forget. We will remember."

## *10 Years Ago in "The Nation"*

BY JOINING THE INTERNATIONAL Labor Organization, the United States has aligned itself with fifty-eight other nations in the common task of improving working conditions throughout the world. . . . With the prospect that Soviet Russia will join the I. L. O. as well as the League in September, but one important country will remain outside the fold—Hitler's Third Reich.—*September 5, 1934.*

THE GOOD IN THE NRA, as we see it, is the protection it promises labor. It contains both a recognition of the right of collective bargaining and the implication that no industry is entitled to survive which cannot support certain minimum standards of wages and hours. The minimum-wage and hours provisions, in particular the abolition—in theory if not in fact—of child labor, are now on the way to becoming a part of the changed American system.—*September 5, 1934.*

UPTON SINCLAIR'S VICTORY is astounding. . . . If he sweeps the state in November, he will speak for the people with such force that even a California legislature will have to take some heed. We do not say that all of Mr. Sinclair's program is either wise or enforceable; we do not venture to prophesy how successful he who has never held an executive position would be as Chief Executive of California. That is for the future to show if and when he is elected. But we do give profound thanks that one man has had the courage to stand up and announce his candidacy without consulting any boss, or any newspaper proprietor, or any financier or capitalist, and he has gained the first round.—*September 12, 1934.*

FRIENDS OF MINE WITH A LONG experience of Germany think that the Hitler regime will not survive next winter. I wish that I could agree with them and I hope that they will prove to be right, but I cannot see any reason for so optimistic a forecast. . . . I am convinced that it is an illusion to count on the overthrow of Hitler by the Reichswehr, and a mistake to suppose that he is under the domination of the military command. . . . Hitler is really, not nominally, the complete master of Germany and is still the demi-god of the great majority of the German people. He could still, I am inclined to think, kill Blomberg or Göring or Goebbels or all three of them without impairing his own authority.—ROBERT DELL, *September 19, 1934.*

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# The Rebirth of Italy

BY PIETRO NENNI

*Rome, August 20*

FOR years people had anticipated that the fall of Italian fascism would be a terrible thing, but when it happened in July, 1943, there was no struggle. It was no harder to crush Mussolini than to arrest a thief for petty larceny. No one in Italy rose to defend a regime which, both within and without the country, was still thought of as having great and mysterious strength.

The initiative of a few men was enough. In the highest ranks of the Fascist Party and of the army, and in the Court, a plot against Mussolini had been brewing ever since the defeats in Africa. It became an irresistible movement when the Allies landed in Sicily and bombed Rome. In the heart of the country fascism had died long before.

I remember my feelings when I returned to Italy some months ago after seventeen years of exile. I had been arrested in February, 1943, in France, in a village in the department of Cantal. After a short stay in German prisons I had been taken by the Gestapo to the Brenner Pass and handed back to the Italian police. That was in April, 1943, and already every person I met —policemen, gendarmes, jailers, railroad men—talked freely against fascism and the war. On the night of Easter Sunday, when I was traveling handcuffed from Bologna to Rome, word went through the train that I was the ex-editor of *Avanti,* and the passengers crowded into my compartment, each one eager to give me something. When I arrived in Rome, the driver of the car which was to take me to the prison of Regina Coeli learned my identity and showed me around the city, which I had not seen for eighteen years. The atmosphere in the prison was very different from that of the French prison at Fresne or the German prisons at Stuttgart and Munich. Everyone made jokes. The "politicals" and the men convicted of black-market operations, after being sentenced to ten, fifteen, or twenty years of imprisonment, would say laughingly, "A year for me and the rest for Mussolini."

Why, then, didn't the insurrection start earlier? Because twenty years of fascism had destroyed the opposition leadership. Anti-fascism was universal in Italy, but it was more a state of mind than a movement. That is why on July 25 the initiative, unfortunately, came from above and not from below. The coup d'état of the King, the generals, and the Fascist brass hats headed by Grandi and Ciano was against Mussolini and not against fascism. But soon the popular will overwhelmed these men, and it became clear that the people wanted a completely anti-fascist policy and an end to the war.

The people interpreted Badoglio's famous words, "The war goes on," as meant to trick the Germans, and perhaps they were so intended. But if Badoglio thought of fooling Hitler, it was Hitler who fooled Badoglio. Had the government immediately denounced Italy's alliance with Germany, even before starting to negotiate with the Allies, Italy's moral and political position today would be much stronger. The monarchy and its reactionary supporters had no courage. They believed that they could gain their ends by intrigue alone. And so from July 25 until September 8 the King and Badoglio worked hard to deceive everyone—the Allies, the Germans, the Italian people—and made no preparations to change sides in the war. Then on September 8 the Italian armies were shattered by the German attack, and the King and Badoglio had to flee from Rome. Rome capitulated after a token resistance; Milan, Turin, Florence, Genoa gave up without a fight. The Germans occupied Italy from the Alps to Salerno. The King and Badoglio had lost us a unique opportunity to join the Allied camp with the weight of our army, however modest that might be, and with some military honor.

In the year that followed—the Germans held Rome for nine months, and the country north of Florence is still in their hands—the real sentiments of the Italian people and their will to fight were demonstrated. The resistance of the partisans demands exceptional qualities of endurance and self-sacrifice. It has been a hard fight. All classes have contributed to it—the workers of Milan and Turin by their strikes, the peasants by hiding cattle and helping the partisans, the army by forming armed bands, intellectuals by providing direction to the partisans, the bourgeoisie by giving money (in most cases, however, not out of patriotism but to buy forgiveness for their compromise with fascism).

The partisan fighting against the Germans has naturally affected the political struggle, which has become less anti-Fascist and more anti-German. That fact enabled the King and Badoglio, who were completely discredited after the flight from Rome, to regain some of their influence. It explains why Badoglio was able to stay in power until the liberation of Rome, and why the coalition Cabinet proposed by the Communist leader Togli-

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atti was built around Badoglio. But southern Italy had not lived through the Nazi invasion, and its resentment was still directed against the regime which had subjected it to twenty-two years of dictatorial rule. After the liberation of Rome, when the Committee of National Liberation was invited to form a new government, I laid down the conditions of Socialist support: namely, first, that the government be completely anti-Fascist; second, that Badoglio be ousted; and, third, that the government take no oath of allegiance to the monarchy. The committee accepted the three conditions without discussion, recognizing them as the minimum requirements of the popular will.

The formation of the Bonomi government was a notable step in Italy's return to a democratic system. Its program is an expression of popular desires, even though its structure is not what it should be. It is designed according to old patterns with too many ministers and undersecretaries, so many that they form almost a small parliament. Its immediate goals are, briefly, these:

1. *The reorganization of civil and administrative life.* This is a difficult task since the state is in pieces; the lack of adequate communication and transportation facilities has tended to concentrate Italian life around the village or town. It is not easy to govern effectively when goods cannot be moved and administrative personnel cannot be trusted.

2. *Elimination from posts of authority of all persons who have collaborated with or represented the Mussolini dictatorship.* The purge has entered a concrete phase with the implementation of Sforza's law of sanctions against Fascists. The law is not designed to punish the three or four million Italians who were members of the party, generally only as "extras," but to hit the leaders and, above all, the Fascist interests. We hope that it will reach not only the clamorous mob manifestations of fascism but its causes.

3. *The alleviation of famine, which threatens to become serious, particularly in large urban communities like Rome.* This is essentially a problem of transportation and of oil, the two things Italy needs most after the systematic pillaging of the Germans. There is a lack of everything in Italy except paper money. The presence of the Allied troops has put an enormous amount of that in circulation, and its value diminishes every day. The German soldiers stole everything; the Allied soldiers buy everything. The moral difference is obvious, but the end result is the same.

4. *Provision of employment.* Thousands of workers are idle and industry is at a standstill, plants having been looted by the Germans or destroyed by bombings. The farther north the war moves the more acute the problem becomes. The Germans solved it by forcing the Italians to work on their projects and by requisitioning manpower for Germany. The Allies, happily, do not use these methods. A vast amount of reconstruction is necessary, but it cannot be started until the Allies can furnish the raw materials.

5. *Democratization of the country.* This is dependent on the solution of the other problems before the new government—reorganization of the state, administrative purge, provision of food and work. On what forces can this or any other Italian government rely in the struggle to set up a democracy? Chiefly upon the anti-Fascist parties and the masses in the rural and urban areas. That is why we initiated the policy of coalition and formed a pact of unity of action between the Socialist and Communist parties. If this pact should be broken or thwarted, the struggle for democracy would fail. Either a red terror or a black terror would precipitate Italy into civil war. The Committee of National Liberation, on which six parties are represented, would go to pieces if the Socialists and Communists failed to agree. The masses would like to see us go even farther in our union. Wherever Togliatti or I speak to the workers, we hear one cry: *"Fusione! Fusione!"*

Fusion, however, is not a matter to be considered at the moment, since it is more an international than an internal problem. Fusion will depend upon how Moscow and the international Communist and Socialist parties approach post-war organization. It is always a mistake to try to take a step longer than one's leg, and the Italian labor movement has not yet a long enough leg to step over the many problems which fusion would create. Our job now is to increase our strength and to reinforce unity of action.

We envisage three phases in the political struggle. How quickly they will develop depends on how soon the war ends. The first phase, the one inaugurated by the liberation of Rome, has been dominated by two urgent needs—to increase the Italian contribution to an Allied victory and to cleanse the administration of fascism. The six parties represented by the Committee of National Liberation absolutely agree on these aims. The second we call the pre-Constituent Assembly phase. In a sense we have already entered this phase, for the principle of a Constituent Assembly has been sanctioned by law. But the real struggle for it will not begin until the end of the war. After it has been set up, the present coalition of six parties will give place to a coalition of parties fighting, within the Constituent Assembly, for a republic.

The new coalition will consist of the Socialist, Communist, Action, Republican, and Democratic Labor parties. The Christian Democratic Party has not yet officially announced its position on the question of the reorganization of the state, nor has its leader, A. de Gasperi, publicly expressed his views. That means that resistance to a republic is still strong among the reactionary elements of the Catholic Party and high ecclesiastics. But there is no doubt that the Catholic masses are republi-

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can. Theoretically, then, the problem is solved, since the majority of the people are republican—or at least anti-monarchist; they cannot forget the responsibility of the Crown during the twenty years of adventuring with Mussolini.

While the republic should be easily accepted, we are not so naive as to believe that the popular will cannot be outmaneuvered. Institutions, even if condemned, do not willingly step into the grave. They must be pushed in. Italian fascism died amid blood, mud, and loathing, but the interests and men who worked with fascism for twenty years are not dead. And today they identify themselves with the monarchy, the screen and banner of all reactionary forces.

The third phase will be that of the actual Constituent Assembly, which will give Italy a real republican government and a new social and economic organization based on the socialization of a large part of the economy. We Socialists would like to transform the Constituent Assembly into a Supreme Court to judge Mussolini and Victor Emmanuel for their monstrous abuse of power.

Fascism loved revolutionary displays. Today all Italy is an authentic exhibition of revolution: towns destroyed, almost a million soldiers prisoners of war and as many civilians prisoners in Germany, hundreds of thousands of dead, uselessly sacrificed in Africa, Russia, and the Balkans. Italy needs help to regain life. That is the primary consideration in our relations with the United Nations, with the free peoples of the world.

Italy's juridical position in relation to the United Nations was established by the declaration of co-belligerency, which did not, however, invalidate the armistice of September, 1943. The conditions of the armistice are very hard. The Anglo-American administration has been humane and liberal, but it has not taken into account the fact that the Italy responsible for the war was not the Italy of today, that our country was not the accomplice of fascism but the victim, that the men now leading Italy fought fascism for twenty years at a time when all the conservatives of the world, and many liberals and democrats as well, were paying tribute to Mussolini and his regime. The Allied command seems unable to see the difference between Fascist and anti-Fascist Italy. It treats the country as if it were only a battlefield and a stepping-stone to Germany.

All its actions reveal distrust—distrust of the left parties, particularly the Socialists and Communists; distrust of the partisans, who are asked to fight in German-occupied territory but are disarmed as soon as the area is liberated; distrust of the C. I. L. (Italian Corps of Liberation), whose numbers have been kept within the strict limits set by the armistice; general distrust of the population. In some quarters this distrust of the popular forces has evolved into sympathy for the monarchy, the General Staff, the landowners, the aristocracy, for all those forces which served fascism and which still want it to dominate. If this tendency is not checked by public opinion in the United States and Great Britain, a sharp division may arise between Italian democracy and the British and American democracies—a division which will be of service neither to Italy nor to Europe nor to America.

Italy's economic difficulties increase the tension. The Bonomi government has asked that Italy be given lend-lease aid. If this is not granted, tragedy will engulf Italy next winter. Every day the problem of feeding Rome and other liberated cities becomes more difficult because of the lack of transportation. It may sound ridiculous, but a few thousand trucks could save Italy from starvation. If something is not done immediately, the world will have to stop its ears in order not to hear the cries of starving people in our cities.

Critical as are some of the aspects of our situation, my conclusions are not necessarily pessimistic. The war has almost run its course, and Italians are full of hope and eager to rebuild. Ahead of us looms a hard struggle. I do not know whether we shall be able to avoid temporary unhappiness, even temporary defeats. But I do know that the new leadership now developing is determined to build a democratic socialist Italy, which will be a factor for world peace and progress. With the help of Europe and America we shall be able to do it in a few years. The task will take longer if we have to do it by ourselves. But it shall be done.

# *Behind the Enemy Line*

BY ARGUS

IT HAS often been said that the Nazis will try to make the last act of their war a Wagnerian climax—*Götterdämmerung*, death in a sea of flames, total downfall. More exactly, one might say that they are preparing to give their last act a Jacobin or Bolshevist setting—*levée en masse*, partisan fighting, a people's war. An official account of this projected last-ditch people's war has now appeared in an article by Herr Helmut Sündermann, deputy Reich press chief, published in the September 3 issue of the *Nationalsocialistische Korrespondenz* and reprinted by the entire German press. Herr Sündermann said:

> If everything is at stake, everybody must fight. East Prussia and other frontier regions are already demonstrating the method and its results. There the slogan is, "Rather dig than quit." We must win this war if we want to continue to be free individuals. We will therefore insure the victory by unusual strategic and tactical means—namely, by calling up all Germans. The German

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> nation is watching the struggle at the gates of the Reich. It recognizes the determined effort of our army, which is fighting with the greater tenacity the closer the fronts approach the homeland. But more than the army may be needed, and readiness is everything. We must prepare ourselves, all of us, to answer the call wherever and whenever it is made. Not a blade of German grass shall fall into the enemy's hands. No German will give him help. Every path into the Reich will be destroyed, every gate closed. He shall meet nothing but death, destruction, and hate. He shall be made to bleed in a terrible way for every yard of German soil which he tries to steal from us.

Four days before this official statement the "unusual" device "of calling up all Germans" planned by the Nazi authorities was described in a "private report" to the Stockholm *Morgontidningen:*

> Goebbels intends to proclaim a general "people's war." Plans are already prepared, and in case the Allies enter Germany from the west, the entire nation will be called up. Well-informed quarters are convinced that Hitler will use the people's war to set up a third great army, a people's and workers' army, in addition to the regular army and the S. S. He will do this in spite of the danger involved in giving arms to men who are opposed to Hitler and thus increasing the possibilities of revolt. At a secret meeting Goebbels is alleged to have told the Gauleiters that every town, village, and house would be defended. If Germany should lose the war, he is said to have added, it would go down like a battleship still firing its batteries as it is engulfed. It would give an example of how a nation should perish, and this example would be a model and an inspiration for centuries to come.

The plan may well be illusory, doomed like so many others to collapse. It is wholly unlikely that the German people could be whipped up to the Jacobinic fanaticism required for such a people's war: they are weary, disgusted with the war, completely pessimistic, and their predominant desire is summed up in the words "Let it end!" But that does not alter the fact that psychological, political, military, and economic preparations are being made.

One of the psychological devices is an ever more zealous waving of the red flag, a strong "plebeian" slant to words and acts. This phenomenon was brought to the attention of *Nation* readers in an earlier column, and it is now attested by new witnesses. The *Svenska Dagbladet* of September 3 says: "All information coming out of Germany agrees that a reign of terror grips the country. It is directed mainly against the upper classes—the officer corps, the higher civil servants, industrial leaders, and intellectuals." The *Tagblatt* of St. Gall in Switzerland reported on August 31 that in the three small towns of Singen, Constanz, and Radolfzell in neighboring Baden 250 persons had recently been arrested, some of them former leftists but the majority members of the conservative or Catholic bourgeoisie. Another sign of the trend is seen in the communication with which the Gauleiter of Upper Austria, Herr August Eigruber, tried to cheer up a mass-meeting held on August 27. He declared that all private villas and country houses in the numerous summer resorts of the province had been taken over and would be "used as recreation homes for workers or as military hospitals."

With regard to the political preparations for a Jacobinic "people's war," it is obvious that the dangerous arming of the masses must be accompanied with multiple precautions against the emergence of any kind of political rallying point. Every possible occurrence around which the aspirations of the masses might crystallize must be forestalled. This necessity explains a news item published in *Die Tat* of Zurich on September 6: "Well-informed sources report that in the middle of last week all members of former Reichstags except those who had joined the National Socialist Party were arrested and taken to unknown destinations."

Military and economic preparations for the people's war are largely identical with the so-called remobilization measures. In the outskirts of Berlin postmen have been done away with and the mail is delivered by the morning milk wagons. According to an announcement by the German radio on September 3, only 20 free-lance writers in all Germany are still allowed to pursue their calling; the rest—about 4,000 story writers and essayists, men and women—have been drafted into war industries. Measures more immediately dedicated to the organization of a people's war are typified by this decree issued by the Gauleiter of northern Westphalia, Dr. Alfred Meyer, on August 26:

> 1. All school children in northern Westphalia from fourteen years up must be available for special assignments.
>
> 2. In all high schools, secondary schools, and elementary schools classes from the fifth grade up must be ready for immediate mobilization for special war tasks. Instruction will continue until the mobilization order arrives.
>
> 3. Teachers, except those of the lower grades, must also be at the disposal of the Gauleiter.

In some provinces classes of school children are already being used on a large scale—for the present in transportation, digging trenches, and the like. Many places have gone even farther. In Stettin, the provincial capital of Pomerania, the following decree was promulgated on August 29:

> The entire population of Stettin is summoned to appear next Sunday at eight o'clock at the City Aid Center and to work until four o'clock. Tools and food for the day should be brought. This applies to all able-bodied men and women up to sixty years of age. Those who take their Sunday walk instead will be ruthlessly noted.

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# BOOKS *and the* ARTS

## Children of Abraham

*THE JEW IN OUR DAY*. By Waldo Frank. With an Introduction by Reinhold Niebuhr. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $2.50.

THIS book is an address by a Jew to Jews; so that a reviewer who is a Gentile, and an Episcopalian to boot, feels himself in the embarrassing position of an eavesdropper. With great sincerity and a passion which sometimes overheats his prose Mr. Frank appeals to the Jews to regard themselves as a spiritual not a temporal entity, as a church not a secular community, whether that take the form of dispersed ghettos or a centralized national home. Quoting Albert Cohen's statement, "The Jews are an Idea made flesh," he argues that "if the Synagogue permanently fails, the Jewish race is doomed," that "to be a Jew *merely* because I was born one is shameful," that God to the Jew has always meant "the dynamic immanence, in the world of matter and of man, of what the person most deeply recognized as his own truth and worth . . . the principle of order, the will to unity, in an otherwise chaotic multiverse . . . *Value in Being*. The Jews, as a people, were the first to understand that this value-in-being could not be abstract, not impersonal, although it transcended individuals; that it was myriadly focused and fleshed in human lives. They did not, like the Platonizing Greeks, believe in God; they knew first of all the nature of man, and this knowing meant to love and to strive; and the substance of these human deeds was to know God," and that democracy is weak today "because it has grown remote from its own religious roots. These roots are Jewish."

To the non-religious Jew and to the Zionist who gives a religious seriousness to national statehood this will probably seem treachery and failure of nerve. To take Zionism first: Dr. Niebuhr very properly points out in his introduction that as long as there are nation states in which Jews are, overtly or covertly, discriminated against, let alone murdered *en masse*, the demand for a Jewish homeland is politically justified. One may believe, as I do, that to regard national statehood as anything more than a technical convenience of social organization—and few do not—is idolatry, but so long as one enjoys the full advantages of statehood one cannot congratulate those who do not on being spared its temptations. Writers are usually in the unfortunate predicament of having to speak the truth without having the authority to speak it. Thus, though I believe Mr. Frank is right in rejecting Zionism, I wish it could have been a Polish Jew who rejected it. For the Gentile, the immediate duty of saving as many lives as possible by whatever possible means must take precedence over any other considerations, and his only question can be: "Is a Palestinian state the most politically possible method *now* of saving the Jews of Europe from destruction?"

The long-run question with which Mr. Frank is mainly concerned, "What does it mean to be a Jew?" is not, at the moment, a Gentile problem, but it will become one, and it should not be too early to start discussing it.

Anti-Semitism stands apart from the other racial hatreds in that the usual pattern of a people with superior technology conquering "backward" peoples, exploiting them, and justifying the inequity on the ground that the latter are children who cannot be trusted with power and are happier without it, is absent. The anti-Semitic male does not say, "The Jews are too dumb"; he says, "The Jews are too smart!" The anti-Semitic female does not have nightmares of being pursued by a huge buck Yid; she imagines a plump little man in spectacles who is the secret czar of the white-slave traffic. No white wishes to destroy the black and yellow races, he wants to keep them in their place; but the anti-Semite wishes to annihilate, not enslave. Even Hitler, who spent so much time and money trying to persuade the public that the Jews are an "inferior race," never dreamed of reducing them, like the Poles, to a colonial status as hewers of wood and drawers of water. In cremating them he at least paid them the compliment of regarding them as dangerous equals.

Similarly, the intensity which the Jew brings to the same activities, business, art, intellectual inquiry, family life, politics, etc., as the Gentile engages in, and which sometimes embarrasses, shames, and irritates the latter—it isn't fair, he feels, to take anything so seriously (nor is it necessarily more successful)—is quite different from the ambitious determination of, say, the Scot, who coming from a poor country knows he must work harder than others if he is to succeed.

I am very glad, therefore, that Mr. Frank has taken the line he has, because I do not think anti-Semitism can be understood or cured until it is realized that there are today two divisions, the first between paganism on the one side and Judaism and Christianity on the other, and the second between Judaism and Christianity.

The first Mr. Frank sees very clearly; the second not so well, or else he is soft-pedaling it for fear of hurting our feelings. The Christian who reads what I have quoted from Mr. Frank will say, "Those are the Christian values too," but then he reads, "It certainly does not mean that they *alone* can express universal values in a particular way of life—but only that they have *their* way of expressing the universal, a way which is Jewish," and at that he will say, "But that's just what *it does* mean. The Christian way of life is not *a* way, nor *my* way, but *the* way. All the others are false." And in that disagreement lies, I think, the essence of our differences.

A Gentile who becomes a Christian is a stone which God has raised up to be a child of Abraham; that is, he is a pagan who has to make a complete break with his natural way of thinking, which is a dualistic seesaw between a surrender to sensual immediacy and a worship of timeless abstractions like the State, the Church, the Divine Ideas, to adopt a faith which until the coming of Christ was held only by Jews. If he loses his faith he slips back into an easygoing worldliness or fanatical mysticism.

But if a Jew accepts Jesus as the Messiah and becomes a Christian, he has to make no change in his thinking but one,

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which is to stop calling it Jewish, to cease regarding himself as having the peculiar role of *guarding* the truth, and share instead the common task of spreading it. If he loses his own faith he does not and cannot, however hard he try, become a pagan; he becomes a negative missionary whose role is to unmask pagan pretensions, for which reason he is very rightly feared by acknowledged pagans and "inertial" Christians, whose fear has and will continue to increase as scientific and technical progress makes paganism simultaneously more powerful and harder to believe. There is an old Christian tradition that the last event of history before the Second Coming will be the conversion of the Jews; that is, as long as paganism, under whatever disguises, exists on earth, the Jew cannot believe the Christian claim to be the fulfilment of the Law and the Prophets, but must regard himself as their God-chosen guardian and remain the scapegoat, because the bad conscience, of the Gentile world.

W. H. AUDEN

# The Negro American

*CHARACTERISTICS OF THE AMERICAN NEGRO.* Edited by Otto Klineberg. Harper and Brothers. $4.

THIS is the fourth and last of the volumes growing out of A Study of the Negro in America, which was financed by the Carnegie Corporation and directed by Dr. Gunnar Myrdal, whose report has recently appeared under the title "An American Dilemma." The present volume contains four monographs and two articles dealing with the personal characteristics of the Negro and white attitudes toward him. The first part consists of a single chapter in which Dr. Guy Johnson shows that traits usually attributed to the Negro by white writers are similar to those attributed to Negroes by Negro writers. He concludes that since both Negroes and whites have assigned certain characteristics to the Negro, there must be an essence of truth in the stereotypes. He undertakes to distil it and to make his own catalogue of Negro personality and culture traits. Klineberg points out in a footnote that the mere existence of stereotypes does not prove there are facts corresponding to them. And Dr. Johnson's catalogue contains the same fallacies as those he analyzes. For example, his list contains such "traits" as gregariousness, a lack of strong race-wide leadership, and a love of subtlety and indirection.

In the second part Professor Klineberg presents a thoroughgoing analysis and interpretation of the tests of Negro intelligence and gives an account of the character and results of the various comparative studies which have been made of Negro and white intelligence. It is in the two chapters dealing with the interpretation of the tests, which have usually shown the Negro and the American Indian to be inferior, that Professor Klineberg makes a real contribution to our knowledge of the validity of testing procedures. He concludes that "it is doubtful whether the mental testing technique will ever lend itself to any comparison of native differences independent of the background factors involved." In the third part of the volume, where he has brought together and analyzed the experimental studies of Negro personality, he reaches a similar conclusion. According to the various tests the differences in personality between Negroes and whites are not only less marked than differences in mental traits but also inconsistent. The fourth part of the book contains a monograph on race attitudes. In the eight chapters composing this section Dr. Horowitz makes a critique of the assumptions, methods, and conclusions of the numerous studies of the attitudes of whites toward Negroes. Of special interest are his conclusions concerning sectional and class differences and the relation of intelligence to racial attitudes. At the end of his study he suggests a number of valuable hypotheses for further research.

The monograph in this volume which will perhaps have the widest interest is The Hybrid and the Problem of Miscegenation, by Professor Louis Wirth and Dr. Herbert Goldhamer. In eight chapters the authors present the most comprehensive and thorough study of Negro-white mixtures that has ever been made in this country. They deal with practically every phase of the subject and supplement the data of existing studies with material from Boston for the years 1914 to 1938 and from New York State, exclusive of New York City, for the years 1917 to 1937. Consequently one will find here more authoritative information on the intermarriage of Negroes and whites than is contained in any other single study or group of studies in existence. There is also a critical analysis of the extent to which Negroes of fair complexion "pass" for white and of the incentives and motivations responsible for this phenomenon in American life. Two chapters deal in a realistic manner with the physical and personal characteristics of Negroes of mixed blood. In a

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final chapter the authors consider the future role of the Negro of mixed blood in American life.

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It would be difficult to name another single volume that contains as much fundamental scientific information on the phases of the Negro problem in which folk beliefs play an important role. This book is recommended to those who would base opinions about the personality of Negroes on scientific data rather than on folklore and romantic notions.

E. FRANKLIN FRAZIER

## Points East

*PEOPLE ON OUR SIDE.* By Edgar Snow. Random House. $3.50.

*STILL TIME TO DIE.* By Jack Belden. Harper and Brothers. $3.

AFTER his dozen years in China Edgar Snow became a war correspondent for the *Saturday Evening Post,* covering India and Russia and revisiting China. His new book is his able and provocative report on those three countries. As readers of his previous books will know, Mr. Snow is an indefatigable seeker after facts—not the superficial ones but the inner facts of how the wheels go round; and he is a scrupulously honest reporter whose work is colored only by his deep conviction that human beings should not be exploited. Therefore what he has to say is worth hearing.

Two-thirds of this book is devoted to Russia, where Mr. Snow stayed seven months in the winter of 1942-43. His long experience in China stood him in good stead here, for he was able to look at Russia as part of Asia—as well as part of Europe—and study the interplay of Asiatic forces. For example, he could not rest until he had outwitted the stupid Russian press officialdom and interviewed a delegation which had come to Moscow from the Mongolian People's Republic, homeland of Genghis Khan, which has been virtually cut off from the outside world for a generation.

Although technically part of China, the Mongolian Republic grew up under Soviet tutelage, and thus might be considered a sample of Russia's own particular brand of imperialism, or good-neighbor policy, whichever you want to call it. What had been going on there? Mr. Snow discovered, in the first place, that the Mongols did not consider their state to be Communist but a "bourgeois-democratic state of a new type, not socialist and not capitalist." In the second place, the Mongols considered their state to be an independent one, unfettered by the association with Russia. In one generation Mongolia had shaken off the ignorant and corrupt domination of the Lamas; previously those priests of superstition had been the only persons who could read and write, but now three-fifths of the population had become literate. In short, Mongolia had been reborn.

So far so good. Will Russia behave equally well toward its neighbors in Europe and the Balkans after the war? Mr. Snow believes that its actual power position inevitably will make it the main influence among the countries of Eastern Europe. If no workable international structure is achieved, he envisions the possibility of little nations such as Rumania and Bulgaria merging voluntarily into the U. S. S. R. Likewise there may be new alignments on Russia's Asiatic borders. But Mr. Snow believes Russia is actuated by a desire for safety, not expansion, and that it will not use coercion against its neighbors unless driven to it by hostile moves on the part of England and the United States.

In India Mr. Snow found almost no ray of hope. The exploitation of the Indian masses by the Indian upper classes seemed to him almost more appalling than the British exploitation. As for China, he found that "the country's economy had become chaotic, its political life more reactionary than at any time since 1936, and its military efficiency was at the lowest level since the war began." He thinks the United States may be making a grave error in bolstering up the Chiang Kai-shek regime, and that we may yet discover the so-called Communist partisans of the northwest to be the real saviors of China, militarily as well as politically.

Jack Belden, another veteran of China, apparently is none too fond of the Chiang Kai-sheks, either. In "Still Time to Die" he is particularly contemptuous of Madame Chiang Kai-shek's New Life movement and the "pratings of the eunuchs" surrounding her. He presents the fullest and most appalling picture yet drawn of the chaotic Chinese military organization, if indeed it can be called such. He saw one fleeing Chinese division trample over the men of another division who were standing their ground. He saw a general weep when his battalions were surrounded and slashed to pieces.

Mr. Belden's book is a series of vignettes of the battles he has been in throughout the world—in China, in North Africa, in Sicily, and finally at Salerno, where he was wounded. They are extraordinarily vivid pictures, for he has a gift of picking out the details that make scenes come alive; one gets the feel and the smell of battle; one shares the terror in the hearts of the men. Some readers may wince at his frequent references to bodily functions and his use of four-

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letter words; some may be perturbed by the overtone of bitterness that runs through the book. But war is ugly, and Mr. Belden is writing a realistic and at times powerful portrait of it.

MARCUS DUFFIELD

## Fiction in Review

FOR all the virtues of the shorter pieces in Katherine Anne Porter's new collection of stories, "The Leaning Tower and Other Stories" (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50)—and I shall speak of them presently—it is the long title piece of the book which claims our enthusiasm and confirms Miss Porter's high literary reputation. Miss Porter's new novelette is not only the best thing she has ever written but by any measure one of the finest of modern stories. Perhaps, indeed, it was an error to combine in one volume this novelette, which is such a large achievement, with the rather fugitive sketches which precede it. The large work so overshadows the small that we tend to forget that even at its most fragmentary Miss Porter's writing is full of things to give pleasure.

The Leaning Tower is a remarkable literary-political document, not unrelated in method to Thomas Mann's story of the German inflation, Disorder and Early Sorrow. It is a story about Hitler which never mentions Hitler except as the unnamed subject of a photograph in a barber shop; it is an analysis of political forces without political analyses; it is a chapter of history which still manages, as literature, to stand outside and above history. Miss Porter is telling us about Germany in 1931, about the emotions that prepare national violence. Her narrative device is to follow an impressionable young Texan, who in the first freedom of maturity carries out the romantic resolution to visit the Berlin he had heard about from a childhood friend, as he becomes more and more frightened by the creeping awfulness of pre-Nazi German life. Nothing much happens to this Charles: he checks out of his hotel, he has his hair cut, he looks for lodgings, he becomes acquainted with the other tenants of his boarding-house and celebrates New Year's Eve with them; but the eyes of Charles become the eyes of an ideal documentary camera. Miss Porter's story has neither action nor drama, in the usual sense, but slowly it borrows all the brooding drama of its time and place; in Miss Porter's Berlin of 1931 every house, every room, every piece of furniture or crockery, is a portent of a dreadful consummation. I think the underwritten climax of The Leaning Tower is its sole mistake in literary judgment: impression has mounted on fierce impression until the sense of a necessary explosion is almost unbearable; even as readers we require some of the ranting and roaring that climaxed this German story in actuality.

If space were available, a score of details could be dwelt on in praise of Miss Porter's novelette—the proportioning and pace of the story as a whole, its genius of visuality, the elegant use Miss Porter can make of colloquial language, the use to which she puts Charles's childhood attraction to the little German boy, the choice of a Pole as one of Charles's Berlin circle, the focus upon the Heidelberg scar of another of the lodgers, the endless avenue of horror which Miss Porter can open up by a dozen sentences of description of a hotel keeper and his wife, the instinct that led her to create the half-world cafe which is the scene of a Berlin New


# The Piddling *Nation*

¶ Writes H. C. Jackson of Pensacola (voicing the sentiments of most readers of S. Greiner's PRELUDE TO SANITY): "Why should *The Nation* give serious consideration to Ilka Chase's cream-puffs, yet not bestow one word of comment on a book so stupendous in its implications as to reduce most books to peepsqueaks about nothing?"

¶ Well, H. C., a journal of opinion naturally shies from an author who contends that all politico-economic issues are hallucinatory and their solution on the wrong side of the verities. There is no answering in terms of pro and con the demonstration that all differences of opinion are chimeras that reflect organic disturbances within the disputants. It is so much easier to ignore than to refute a writer who breathes harshly upon our paper castles.

¶ But there are signs of awakening. United Press concedes that the book's implications "blast the fabric of our culture and civilization like a block-buster landing in a block of tenements" and that in support of his thesis Greiner "submits a closely packed, well-knit argument" that "provides a potent mental cocktail."

¶ And in an unsolicited letter Clare Boothe Luce states: "Its effect on me was happy. Paradoxically, its paradoxes clarified so much for me! It confirmed my worst doubts about the hopelessness of *The Human Situation*—and yet it left great hope for an ultimate and *divine* solution. It destroyed my already battered belief in the efficacy of thought to organize society, and left me free to enjoy for the first time the phenomenon of thinking. It made tragic mock of Homo Sap, yet it treated Homo Naturalis, son of God, most reverently. And while denying the temporal efficacy of the *Christian moralities*, it pled beautifully for man's instinctive belief in oneness, and in brotherhood. Above all, it made our monstrous historical yesterdays and our hideous historical tomorrows endurable to both cynic and believer simply by transferring their bases from the moral and intellectual and *psychological* casualties to biological ones. And thus it avoids man's emotional descent into the last pit of hell dug for him—by Siegmund Freud."

¶ Yes, H. C., we share your conviction that the book will be read for many generations after *The Nation* will have ceased to be even a memory.

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Year's party. In view of its achievements, it becomes unimportant that The Leaning Tower has one weakness in conception—the character of its protagonist. Much in the picture of Charles is beautifully handled, especially the litmus-paper quality which he has because he is a stranger in Germany, disconnected from the familiar even in language; but as an artist Charles is obscure and disconcerting. Granted that Charles is less an artist than he is young and American, the question is allowed to intrude upon us, whether he is a good artist or an artist as Hitler was once an artist. There seems to be a suggestion of the latter; but then, if she intends the parallel, Miss Porter would be introducing a chauvinism which, highly as she values the American spirit, is miraculously lacking from the rest of her story; for she would be saying, in effect, that the American temperament responds to frustration very differently from the German—a racial generalization whose truth is only devoutly to be wished.

As for the shorter pieces in "The Leaning Tower," although there is always the danger in writing as conscious as Miss Porter's, and particularly in very brief fiction, that carefulness will move over into preciousness, Miss Porter still manages to avoid this pitfall of the too wary; taste is her instrument rather than her nemesis. There is as much vigor as precision in her language, and this in itself distinguishes Miss Porter among present-day women writers, most of whom are so desperately given to breathy effects and soft figures of speech. In The Source, for instance, Miss Porter writes the following sentence in description of cleaning-up day on a Southern farm: "Every mattress cover was emptied of its corn husks and boiled, every little Negro on the place was set to work picking a fresh supply of husks, every hut was thickly whitewashed, bins and cupboards were scrubbed, every chair and bedstead was varnished, every filthy quilt was brought to light, boiled in a great iron wash-pot, and stretched in the sun; and the uproar had all the special character of any annual occasion." Prose like this is not only in the best American tradition, from Mark Twain to Hemingway, but typical of Miss Porter's constant effort to keep her eye on the object.

Yet a faint perfume of sensibility does linger around Miss Porter's shorter stories, despite their vigorous objectivity, and I am puzzled to know whether this is because of their very abbreviated length or because of their subject matter. I have often written about the limitations of short fiction: it is an unsatisfactory medium, allowing not enough room for the play of the imaginative intellect and rather too much room for the display of personality; and even in Miss Porter the little gem of a piece reflects more of the light of its author than of the light of the world. But on the other hand this subtle self-extension may not be a result only of the small compass of Miss Porter's sketches; it may be a result of their common theme. With one exception all the shorter stories in "The Leaning Tower" are re-creations of what we can take to be Miss Porter's own childhood; and there seems to be a peculiar difficulty, these days, in writing about children or from the memory of childhood without making the author-child emerge, herself, too sensitive and cherished, too special a case. Perhaps even an attitude to fiction which is as sturdy and as educated as Miss Porter's is not proof against the prevailing attitude to childhood in our present culture.

DIANA TRILLING

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# FILMS

"HAIL the Conquering Hero" is the story of a pitiful discard from the Marines (Eddie Bracken) who, helped and forced by a group of marines just back from Guadalcanal, returns as a false hero to his mother and his girl and his home town just before a local election, is put up for mayor against his guilty will, endures a day of comic-satiric hell which includes three extraordinary civic speeches, and at length, in an awful public confession, makes a genuine hero of himself. It is a bewilderingly skilful picture, and the skill is used no more brilliantly to tell the story than to cover up the story's weaknesses and those of its author, Preston Sturges.

If the story is to tell itself at all, and keep going to feature length, everything depends on the marines who befriend and bully Mr. Bracken into it. But Sturges never lets you know why they are forcing their victim through the show. What Sturges does instead, though, is both interesting and highly characteristic of him. Getting Bracken home in the first place forces him to invent one of his most arresting characters, a psychopathic marine, embodied by the ex-boxer Freddie Steele with a legendary, almost supernatural quality of serene, unfathomable, frightening energy. This marine happens to feel a maniacal reverence toward mothers, and shocked into fury by the hero's neglect of his own mother, he sets everything moving. Once they are all in the small town and the young man is desperately eager to clear up the misunderstanding, Sturges shifts the weight to a marine sergeant played by William Demarest, whose great skill in registering a kind of daft innocence and brutal sentimentality, helped by Sturges, can make you believe anything.

Here, however, you hardly know what to believe, for Sturges takes care never to give Demarest time for more than a hint and a laugh. Unless we are to believe that the sergeant is simply so maddened by all the homely excitement that he refuses to let either himself or Bracken jump off the merry-go-round, his motives would have to be of Dostoevskian cruelty and mysteriousness to hold water at all; but of this possibility the hints are so vague that I suspect myself of supplying them. The long and the short of it is that the more you think of the evidence supplied you the less you understand why the marines are there, and why you ever believed it at all. The trick here, a favorite one with Sturges, is to keep everything so jotted, so shrewdly and ambiguously shaded, so rapid, and so briskly full of irrelevant pleasures, that you neither think nor care to, at all. Flickers of motive, most of them faked or questionable, succeed each other so restively that like the successive frames of a strip of film they create an illusory flowing image of motive which one is liable to swallow whole at the time. But in thoroughly good pieces of work there is an aesthetic and moral discipline which, however richly it indulges in certain kinds of illusion, strictly forbids itself others. It never fakes or dodges a motive, a character, an emotion, or an idea. And it never uses its power to entertain as an ace-in-the-hole against one's objection to that sort of faking.

I'd like not to be so owlish about a picture which gave me so much more delight than displeasure, but now that Sturges is being compared, I am told, with people like Voltaire—there are semi-defensible reasons to compare him with Shakespeare, for that matter—I think there is some point in putting on the brakes. Most certainly Sturges has fine comic and satiric gifts, and knows how to tell more truth than that when he thinks it expedient; but he seldom does. This film has enough themes for half a dozen first-rate American satires—the crippling myth of the dead heroic father, the gentle tyranny of the widowed mother, the predicament of the only child, the questionable nature of most heroism, the political function of returning soldiers, these are just a few; I suppose in a sense the whole story is a sort of "Coriolanus" on all fours. But not one of these themes is honored by more attention than you get from an incontinent barber in a railway terminal, and the main theme, which I take to be a study of honor, is dishonored by every nightingale in Sturges's belfry. When Bracken makes his strongly written, beautifully spoken confession, his fellow-townsmen, persuaded by the sergeant and their own best citizen, promptly make him mayor. This is doubtless supposed to pass as irony, since the townspeople and by implication the general audience, not to say the American voting public, are represented as incurable jackasses. But jackasses or not, people in small towns don't reward virtue in any such way; so I'm sorry to see them rewarding Mr. Sturges.

The small-town types themselves, by the way, smartly cast and dressed and detailed and edited as they are, are very little nearer genuine small-town than Broadway is. The Mayor is so well played by Raymond Walburn that it is impossible to take him simply as a meaningful figure of satire. The hero's girl (Ella Raines), after some well and cruelly drawn phases of mixed motive, comes through solid gold when he is at his nadir. The two bits which best survive all of Sturges's deviousness are a paralyzingly high-charged, many-sided moment in which Bracken hits the psychopath, and Franklin Pangborn's unemphasized, terribly sad, and revealing shifts of face as he reflects Bracken's confession in the depths of the character he plays. Sturges is by far the smartest man for casting in Hollywood; this use of Pangborn, an extremely fine actor, is the one thing that improves on his role in "The Bank Dick."

Any adequate review of this remarkable movie would devote at least as much space to its unqualified praise as I have to qualifying the praise; it would have to spend more space than that, I think, getting at even a tentative explanation

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of why Sturges functions as he does. "Hollywood" is no explanation, surely; "Hollywood" was made for Sturges and he in turn is its apotheosis; but why? It seems to me that Sturges had reason, through his mother, to develop, as they caromed around high-Bohemian Europe during his childhood, from opera to opera and gallery to gallery, not only his singular mercurialism and resourcefulness, which come especially natural to some miserably unhappy children, but also a retching, permanently incurable loathing for everything that stank of "culture," of "art." I gather further that through his stepfather, a stable and charming Chicago sportsman and business man, he developed an all but desperate respect and hunger for success, enhanced by a sickening string of failures as a business man and inventor up to the age of about thirty; and that this again assumed the dimensions of a complex. I believe that in his curious career as a never-quite-artist of not-quite-genius he has managed to release and guide the energies of these influences in the only way open to him.

I hesitate to write this sort of thing, drawn only from such superficialities as have appeared in print and from some remarkable photographs of Sturges as a child and young man which appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post;* but I risk the worse than questionable taste because I see no other way to understand what Sturges's films are about. They are wonderful as comedies and they are wonderfully complex and ingenious; they seem to me also wonderfully, uncontrollably, almost proudly corrupt, vengeful, fearful of intactness and self-commitment; most essentially, they are paradoxical marvels of self-perpetuation and self-destruction; their mastering object, aside from success, seems to be to sail as steep into the wind as possible without for an instant incurring the disaster of becoming seriously, wholly acceptable as art. They seem to me, indeed, in much of their twisting, the elaborately counterpointed image of a neurosis. It is an especially interesting neurosis, not only because Sturges is a man of such talent and not only because it expresses itself in such fecund and in themselves suggestive images, but also because, in relation to art, it seems the definitive expression of this country at present—the stranglehold wedlock of the American female tradition of "culture," the male tradition of "success."

For East is East, and West is West, and Maggie and I are out.

JAMES AGEE

# DANCE

BEFORE a rehearsal of "Danses Concertantes," the first of Balanchine's two new ballets for the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe, I was watching the practice of groups of dancers who were going to take over in "Song of Norway," when suddenly I noticed a girl going through Danilova's *pas de deux* of the last scene, and being stopped at each movement by criticism, explanation, exhortation, and demonstration from Danilova herself. I was too far away to hear anything; but it was fascinating to see the girl do something, and then to see Danilova repeat it, and enrich it with her regal presence, with the fluent grace, the subtle inflection of legs, arms, hands, and in this way with matured emotion, so that each pose became a dazzling revelation of splendor, each movement an exciting communication of poetic feeling, of dramatic intensity. And I was made aware not only of these qualities but of the human personality or spirit or imagination that was—or that gave the impression of being—their source. Every great dancer, by the particular qualities of his or her movements, impresses us as such a source; what, on the other hand, makes all the technical virtuosity of a dancer like Slavenska completely uninteresting is its utter vacuity.

As with dancers so with choreographers. At the Stadium last summer it was interesting to observe how that vacuity carried over into Slavenska's choreography for Franck's Symphonic Variations, which provided perfect material for the people who complain that the movements of classical ballets don't mean anything. Those movements, like any other plastic materials—for example the materials of formal music—certainly can be made to mean nothing. But they also can be made to have the "eloquence of pure form" that Aldous Huxley talks about in his essay "Music at Night." And some of the most exciting experiences of this eloquence that I have had have been those offered by the classical ballets which Balanchine has created in recent years. In them he has used the traditional ballet movements, which he has altered, elaborated, and combined with others of his own imagining into a personal vocabulary and language that he has used in ever new and wonderful choreographic forms. These have fascinated and delighted me in the same way as Mozart's musical forms—by the play of a keen mind and wit that has been evident in the manipulation of the formal elements, and by the unending invention of an extraordinary imagination. It was difficult to think of his going beyond what he had contrived in "Concerto Baroco" to Bach's D minor Concerto for two violins; but "Danses Concertantes" does after all turn out to be a next step, with new developments in the plastic elements and in the orchestration of these elements in stage space. Balanchine thinks of it as all very simple; actually there is the most intricate of contrapuntal textures, with its rich detail so compactly integrated as to be perfectly clear. The important thing, however, is that it is another marvelously beautiful achievement by one of the great creative minds of our time.

I am writing, before the opening performance of the Monte Carlo company at New York's City Center, on the basis of several run-throughs of Balanchine's work that I saw in a rehearsal room—without Berman's scenery and costumes, and with Stravinsky's music hammered out on the piano. There was an advantage in seeing the movements by themselves so clearly outlined by the bodies in practice tights. But Balanchine contended that the music was at a great disadvantage, and that one could get no idea of it without its orchestration. As it came out of the piano it was hideous, but useful as a sound-track providing motor-impulses for the movements; but Balanchine assured me that when played by the small orchestra, mostly strings, it was "soft . . . very soft . . . very beautiful . . . like birds." Wonderful, if true.

What I went to see at the Stadium was not Slavenska, but Massine, Youskevitch, and Lazovsky who appeared with her. Lazovsky was given smaller billing on the program than the two others; but his performances were, as they always are, in their own way, as brilliant as any. I am not thinking of the leaping and whirling and tumbling that caused his "Hopak" to stop the show; I am thinking of subtler things which most of the people in the Stadium were too far away to be able to see (why they go to the Stadium for ballet is a mystery to me), and would not have appreciated (the public is more impressed by Slavenska's innumerable *fouettés* than by Danilova's poetry and splendor). The subtleties were evident in the slower, less ostentatious Yugoslav peasant dances: Lazovsky's every movement, every configuration was part of a rhythmic flow that sharpened into style—his brilliant technique giving it the security, assurance, and precision that made rhythm and style possible.

B. H. HAGGIN

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# Letters to the Editors

## Our Apologies to Georgia

*Dear Sirs:* In your issue of September 2, a letter to the editors signed "Private M. S." states that Georgia requires "the service man to pay the state poll tax." This statement is inaccurate.

The Georgia Soldiers' Voting Act specifically waives all poll taxes for those in service. Georgia voters between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one are not required to pay any poll tax whether in service or not. The federal ballot may be used in Georgia. The Georgia law is the most liberal on the statute books. Any relative or friend of an individual in service may have a ballot sent to a soldier, and if the soldier is not a registered voter, a registration card accompanies the ballot.

In a very uneventful Democratic primary, in which there was no statewide contest except for the entry of a wholly unknown candidate in the Senate race, approximately 10 per cent of the votes were cast by service men. We anticipate 50,000 or more service votes in the general election.

J. SID WILLIAMS, Executive Director,
Young Democratic Clubs of Georgia
Atlanta, Ga., September 6

## Canard by Cannell

*Dear Sirs:* I have just sent the following letter to the *Reader's Digest*. Signing it with me were Janet Flanner, Elsa Maxwell, Mary Reynolds, and Solita Solano. Inasmuch as Miss Cannell's piece in the *Digest* has probably been read by five million or so readers, and has also been dramatized for the radio, we want to give as much publicity as possible to the real quality of Miss Cannell's attitude toward France.

KAY BOYLE

New York, September 1

TO THE EDITORS OF *Reader's Digest*

*Sirs:* It is in indignation and protest that we write you concerning the article by Kathleen Cannell entitled France Without Law, published in the current issue of the *Reader's Digest*. We believe that such irresponsible and sensational misrepresentation of fact and such wilful misinterpretation of the spirit of revolt of a great and suffering people must not go unchallenged. Miss Cannell's polluting of the very essence of France's protest against enemy occupation is a dangerous thing when given as authentic *reportage* to millions of readers who are not in a position to know from what an unstable and unreliable source Miss Cannell's statements spring.

We have lived for many years in France, and we have, since returning to our own country, continued unbroken (despite all the difficulties of communication and of official restrictions) our contact with France and its children. We have continued to talk with, to receive letters from, to be kept continuously informed by the French, and by others who have returned from France in recent months. In no instance have Miss Cannell's statements been corroborated. Through others we learn of the countless unrecorded acts which are conclusive evidence of the integrity of that youth of which Miss Cannell writes so disparagingly. We know through others of the spirit, the temper, and the quality of contemporary Frenchmen, and therefore we are not afraid, as is Miss Cannell, of what the liberators will have to contend with when they walk down the streets of France's cities.

It is not our intention to attempt in this letter a point-by-point refutation of Miss Cannell's unfortunate article. But as one typical example of Miss Cannell's unreliability concerning the actual state of things in France, let us examine her reference to the Avenue Foch. An acquaintance of Miss Cannell's was stripped one January evening on the Avenue Foch. During the occupation of Paris the Avenue Foch was known to every inhabitant of Paris to be as German as Unter den Linden, with the main Gestapo offices situated in it. Only Germans or collaborationists were seen on its sidewalks, for every self-respecting French citizen boycotted it both by night and day. And yet a friend of Miss Cannell's was walking quite as a matter of course along the Avenue Foch one January evening. Therefore we can but conclude that if Miss Cannell's acquaintance was not German, she had at any rate collaborated with the Germans enough to be protected by a German pass.

In the instance given above, as in every line of Miss Cannell's article, it is apparent that Miss Cannell was a very badly frightened woman. She was afraid to leave Paris, and likewise afraid to walk on the streets of Paris. She was afraid of children, of "baby gangsters"; she was afraid to go out, afraid to stay home for fear the doorbell would ring. When she did occasionally venture out, she was afraid to come home unless "following close upon the clink of German spurs." She was afraid of "false parachutists," of saying the right thing to the wrong people; she was afraid of "being arrested by the Nazis within the hour," and afraid of being called a collaborationist, which she evidently was called from time to time. All this Miss Cannell divulges in her article. What she does not divulge is that she did summon up sufficient courage to speak on more than one occasion on the Vichy radio, and that she had no scruples whatsoever about continuing to write her Paris fashion articles for the New York *Times* even with Paris, and all that emanated from Paris, under German rule. These are matters of public record. They serve to prove Miss Cannell's own statement that one felt safe in Paris if one followed "close on the clink of German spurs."

In this article Miss Cannell is presumptuous enough to give the warning to those who liberate France not to "expect too much." This warning, in the face of current events, has obviously been given the lie. Miss Cannell also states, against all other available evidence, that "the moral fiber of the French people has crumbled." There is no doubt in our minds that the moral fabric of Miss Cannell has crumbled.

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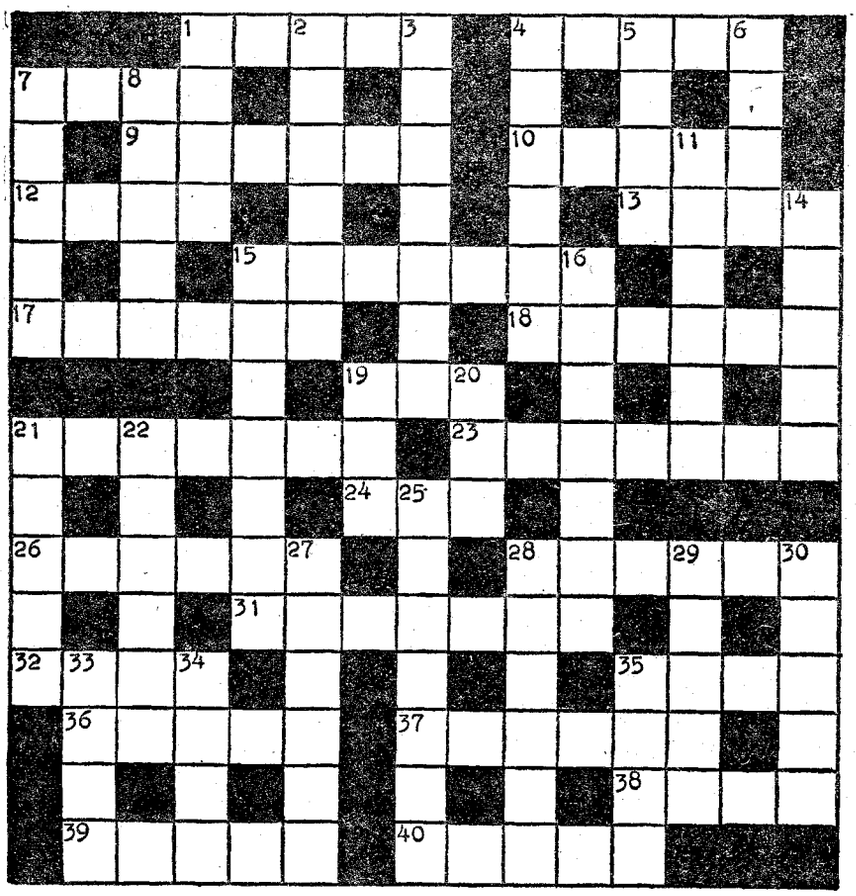
# Cross-Word Puzzle No. 82

By JACK BARRETT



## ACROSS

1 The last of the Mohicans
4 Alias for a knave, at euchre
7 Where nobody wants to go
9 Name that may often come to Mr. Churchill's lips
10 Passe parts of churches
12 A change would make her hale
13 Temporary dwellings which may be shut
15 Simplest form of sea site
17 Take into one's service
18 Mistakes in a Shakespeare comedy
19 A century
21 Wore the lion's skin, in the fable
23 Hold fast
24 "Bluff King ---"
26 Suit for gardeners?
28 Greek name for Mercury (the god, not the metal)
31 No good newspaperman relishes being this by a rival
32 Henpecks
35 Battle the Mater follows closely (of the old school, of course!)
36 Beating does not affect its affectionate nature
37 I slave in London's "Tailors' Row"
38 The fox is not so regarded by the rider to hounds
39 He wears a feather scarf for tea
40 Makes only a slight impression

## DOWN

1 State of the U.S.A.
2 Necktie and chest-protector in one
3 All of a tremble
4 Saber I cook with
5 Where even royal linen wasn't safe, according to history
6 Iron will
7 His *Picture of Dorian Gray* was quite a portrait!
8 Halls of the future
11 Her name is Continentally famous
14 Girl who has America at heart
15 Usually made with no thought of return
16 Might be dark, etc.
19 Wood oars are made of
20 Ribbon-shaped fish
21 He sowed dragons' teeth and reaped soldiers
22 A rattling good thing to have in your pocket
25 There is use in a rod—as applied to sleepers
27 Plenty of old Scotch here
28 "We are as ------ made us, and sometimes a good deal worse"
29 A fish turns on me and shows fight!
30 Doesn't seem quite the right place to make a beginning
33 Biblical king, spouse of Jezebel
34 Formerly worn by color-sergeants
35 They're coming down the mountains

### SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 81

ACROSS:—1 ITALY; 4 TALES; 7 ENGLISH; 10 OMAHA; 11 INTER; 12 RECALLS; 13 SAND; 16 KEEP; 18 IRONS; 20 BAREST; 21 DELAND; 22 END MAN; 24 TESTER; 25 COMUS; 26 ISMS; 28 MUST; 31 ICEBERG; 33 IONIC; 34 ORION; 35 OTRANTO; 36 DOYEN; 37 DEATH.

DOWN:—1 IDOLS; 2 AGAIN; 3 YEAR; 4 THIS; 5 LETHE; 6 SCRIP; 8 GOCART; 9 ISLAND; 14 AMBLERS; 15 DERIDES; 16 KHARTUM; 17 ENDURES; 18 ISAAC; 19 SEXES; 23 NO FEAR; 24 TUREEN; 26 ILIAD; 27 MONEY; 29 UTICA; 30 TENCH; 31 ICON; 32 GOOD.

She is writing about a France which she has created, as nightmare figures are created, out of the intensity of fear. She is writing of a France that is the invention first of Dr. Goebbels's propaganda, which has continuously played up "terrorism" in France by "foreign anarchists" (we quote both Miss Cannell and Dr. Goebbels) so that the Germans might assume their favorite role of "protector"; and, secondly, of a France that is the invention of a frightened, nerve-shocked woman, a woman who was ready "for a tactless word, to lunge at the heart of her dearest friend." . . .

We are confident that in the settlement of scores after the war the exact measure of justice will be meted out to those who have sinned against the spirit of a fallen but undaunted country. If so, it is certain that Miss Cannell will not be permitted to set foot again upon the soil of a country whose people she never knew and whose martyrdom she, through her own shortcomings, was never privileged to share.

KAY BOYLE
JANET FLANNER
ELSA MAXWELL
SOLITA SOLANO
MARY REYNOLDS

New York, August 26

## *CONTRIBUTORS*

ELIZABETH HAWES was formerly a fashion designer. Out of that experience came two books: "Fashion Is Spinach" and "Men Can Take It." When war came she left Fifth Avenue and went to work in a war plant. That experience went into another book, "Why Women Cry, or Wenches With Wrenches." She is now international representative of the educational department of the United Automobile Workers, CIO, dealing chiefly with women's problems.

PIETRO NENNI is today head of the Italian Socialist Party and editor of its newspaper, *Avanti,* as he was before Mussolini forced him into exile in France. When civil war broke out in Spain he became one of the stalwart defenders of the Spanish Republicans. He remained in France even after the German occupation and refused a visa which would have permitted his escape to the United States. Since the liberation of Rome, which released him from a Fascist prison, he has become the outstanding leader of the left in Italy.

GEROLD FRANK is war correspondent in the Near East for the Overseas Press.

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